

ALF VON DEULMEN;

OR,

THE HISTORY

OF

THE EMPEROR PHILIP,

AND HIS

DAUGHTERS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN

BY MISS A. E. BOOTH.

VOL. I.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE history contained in the following pages, being chiefly founded on the establishment of a secret tribunal, which reigned throughout Germany from the time of Charlemagne with unexampled authority ; and as it has, happily for humanity, been for many ages suppressed, the very name is almost buried in oblivion : I have therefore given a concise detail of its foundation and existence, which I translated from a French author, in order to illustrate the history contained in these volumes.

A. E. BOOTH.

ADVERTISMENT

The history contained in the following
pages, being chiefly translated on the
basis of a French original, which
I received from Germany from the
hand of a friend of mine, who had
been in the habit of supplying for his
own use, a number of many years ago,
the same is now being published in
English, as a new edition, with a
concise and accurate translation and
commentary, which I translated from a French author,
in conformity with the history contained

W. M. GUTH.

A
PREFATORY ACCOUNT

OF THE
SECRET TRIBUNAL AND FREE JUDGES
OF WESTPHALIA.

THE free Counts and free Judges, who rendered themselves so celebrated, as well as formidable, towards the commencement of the fifteenth century, by their power and constitution, that they were on the verge of being treated with the same rigour as the Templers, are at this time so much forgotten, that history hardly retains a trace of them. The singular character of their constitution is little known, and may be compared to the *Illuminés*, whose progress has been so rapid in Germany.

The origin of the free Counts and

Judges took its rise in the reign of Charlemagne. They pretend to have been substituted for the Imperial commissaries, who went every year, and even oftener, to make their circuit in the empire. To these commissaries every one was at liberty to carry complaints against governors of provinces and other principal officers, and might also plead before them those causes, the decision of which belonged exclusively to the emperor: and as it appears that the ordinary magistrates were not permitted to condemn the criminal to a severer punishment than a fine; these commissaries judged every thing with plenary power, and had the right to inflict corporal punishment, in the name of the emperor, as well on those whose crimes were not remissible, as on such who, by their refusal to pay the fine to which they had been condemned by ordinary judges, rendered themselves guilty of rebellion.

The nature of this commission required two sorts of procedure ; the one public, the other private. Sorcery—necromancy—and sacrilege, were ranked in the class of irremissible crimes ; and it was therefore necessary to make private inquiries on these subjects : from thence it may be inferred, that if the principal sessions of this tribunal were held in public, there were others where no one was admitted.

As the commissaries could not remain long in the same place, the instructions for trial were summary, and made in the following manner.—Two persons of known probity, and sometimes more, were chosen in each district ; who being sworn, were then charged with the examination of the crimes of those who were impeached ; and, according to their report, a definitive judgment was passed. It must be observed, however, that great care was taken to conceal from the people

the names of those juries, in order that they might not mistrust them : thus every body lived in perpetual fear and solicitude ; and no one could venture to confide even in his own brother.

If we compare those extraordinary commissions established by Charlemagne with the secret tribunal posterior to them, the most perfect resemblance will be found between them.

The sessions of the latter were called “ the free thing (*freidinge*) ;” the place where they were held “ the free tribunal (*freie stubl*) ;” the commissary “ free count (*freie graf*) ;” and the juries “ free judges (*freischoeppen*).”

The Duke of Saxony, who was the sovereign chief of the commissaries in the time of Charlemagne, possessed the same rank in the free tribunals, and, in this quality, had the patronage of each seat, and the nomination of the free counts ; who, afterwards, received from the emperor, by

right of fief, the investiture of their offices.

At this new tribunal, as at the ancient one, every species of crime was tried ; and complaints received against those persons who refused to make their defence before their regular judges. In short, like the ancient tribunal, the public sessions were held in the open air ; but there were also private ones, in which the principal business was considered and determined ; from whence it derived the name of “secret tribunal (*heimlich amt*).” The free judges were unknown to the people, and they were engaged, by the most solemn and dreadful oath, to deliver up without exception, father—mother—brother—sister—friend or relations, if they had committed any thing which rendered them subject to the secret tribunal.—The free judges were then obliged to impart to it all that they had learned of the affair in question—to go and cite the

criminals; and, if the sentence ordained it, to put them to death, wherever they should find them.—Thus the members of the tribunal maintained the authority of the emperor, in quality of Imperial commissaries, throughout the whole extent of the empire, without paying any attention to the rights of those states in which they exercised it. Thus they would infallibly have annihilated all other territorial jurisdiction, had they continued to exist.

The secret tribunal is mentioned by historians as an establishment in the year 1211, a short time after the extinction of the great Dutchy of Saxony. In all probability, before that time, the free counts derived their power from the Dukes of Saxony, by whom, as sovereign chiefs of the Imperial commissaries, they were nominated. It was, therefore, at a period prior to the extinction of this dutchy that the secret tribunals became

publicly known. The princes of the empire were unwilling to suffer in their dominions an Imperial commission, independent of their authority; and each of them endeavoured to become the chief of that commission himself.—The archbishop of Cologne alone, who had obtained the Dutchy of Westphalia, opposed this design, and succeeded so well, that throughout the far greater part of Westphalia, he was acknowledged the sole supreme chief of the secret tribunals. The free counts of this country were accordingly, for a certain period, appointed by him, and from him they received the investiture of their office.

The secret tribunals remained for some time in this state: but, towards the end of the fourteenth and the beginning of the fifteenth century, they rose, as it were at once, to a degree of power so formidable, that all Germany was alarmed.—It appears, without exaggeration, that

at this period there were in the empire more than an hundred thousand free judges, who, in any way, and by every means, put all those to death who had been condemned by their tribunals. In Bavaria, Austria, Franconia, and Swabia, when any person refused to appear before their own judges, they immediately had recourse to one of the free tribunals of Westphalia, where sentence was passed; which, as soon as it was known, set in motion an hundred thousand assassins, who had sworn never to spare either their nearest relations or their best friends.

If a free judge, travelling in company with one of his friends, who had been sentenced by the free tribunal, and whom he wished to save, should give him notice of his danger, by using a common form of expression then in use,—“ They eat as good bread in other countries as in this.” From that moment the

free judges, his brothers in office, were obliged by oath to hang the traitor seven feet higher than other criminals. No opposition whatever was to be made against the judgments of this tribunal. They were to be instantly and punctually executed, and with the most perfect obedience, though the criminal should be regarded by his executioner as a man of the most inviolable probity. These circumstances engaged all persons of birth or fortune to obtain an initiation into the order. Every prince had a certain number of free judges in his council:—the same rule prevailed among the magistrates of Imperial cities,* so that there were at that time more gentlemen free judges, than there are now free-masons. In a process which the town of Osnabourg had to

* Werlick relates in his Chronicles, that there were thirty-six free judges in the town of Augsbourg only: we may therefore judge of the number there must have been in the empire of Germany.

support Conrad of Langen, and in which he was condemned, there were near three hundred free judges, of whom one part was composed of the nobility, and the other of the citizens.—Many princes also obtained admission, such as the Duke of Bavaria, the Margrave of Brandenburg, &c. &c.

We may judge of the servile obedience which the secret tribunal required from all its members, by the following expression of the Duke William of Brunswick.—“If the Duke Adolphus comes to see me,” said he, “I must be obliged to have him hanged, otherwise my brethren will hang me.”

It was very uncommon indeed for any one to evade the proceedings of this tribunal, for the free judges, not being known, watched the moment when a prince came out of his palace, a nobleman from his castle, or a citizen from the town, to take that opportunity of

placing on his door the summons to appear before the tribunal. If after this ceremony had been repeated three times he did not appear, he was condemned; but before the sentence was put in execution, they summoned him once more for the last time; after which he was abandoned to the invisible army of free judges, by whom he was pursued until he was put to death.

When it happened that a free judge did not possess sufficient strength alone to arrest and hang a criminal, it was his duty not to lose sight of him, until he had found some of his brethren, by whose assistance he could quit himself of the commission with which he was charged; and these, without any other explanation but some signs agreed on, were bound to aid him in executing the sentence.—It was usual for them to hang the unhappy fugitives, with a branch of willow instead of a cord, to the first

tree they found on the public road, but never to a gallows; by which circumstance it was made known that it was in virtue of an Imperial commission they exercised their functions throughout the empire, and not by the authority of any private lord.

When they were, from any particular circumstances, under the necessity to slay the criminal with a poignard, or other weapon, they then hung the body to a tree, and left a knife by it, that it might be known, he had not been assassinated, but executed by a free judge. The most profound mystery accompanied all their operations, and to this day we are ignorant, by the aid of what signs* or tokens the sages (which was the name given them) knew each other—as well as the more important

* In an original manuscript at Herfort there has been found the four following letters, S. S. G. G. which it is pretended signify in the German language, *Sloe, Stein, Gras, Grein*.—viz. Stick, Stone, Grass, Moan.

regulations that governed their proceedings. Although the emperor was allowed to be the supreme chief of this order, it was forbidden to reveal even to him what passed in the secret tribunal. When, however, he chose to ask,—“Has such a one been condemned?” they were permitted to answer “yes, or no.”—But if he inquired the name of any condemned person, the secret was not allowed to be unfolded to him. An example of which may be seen in the answers made by the free judges, in 1404, to the Emperor Robert.

The emperor, or the duke his representative, could not make free judges but on the Red Earth—that is to say, in Westphalia; and then it must be done in a free tribunal, and with the assistance of two or three free judges, who served as witnesses. With respect to the mystical sense which was concealed under the words “the Red Earth,” it has never yet been explained. This name was, per-

haps, given to Westphalia, because the field of the Saxon arms was gules. The free judges were so attached to the observance of their forms, that when the King Wincelaus wanted to create free judges in Westphalia by his own authority,—the Emperor Robert asked how the *true* free judges would behave to them ; when he was answered, that they would hang them up immediately, and without mercy.

The emperor alone had the right to give a safeguard to those who had been condemned by the secret tribunal: it was one of those reservations which Charlemagne had inserted in his capitularies.

In short, the real cause of the decay of these tribunals was the territorial superiority which the princes insensibly acquired in their dominions.—They laboured so constantly to extirpate this establishment, which was become superior to their authority, that they at length succeeded.

—It has, however, never been entirely abolished by the laws of the empire ; but has been merely limited to its primitive objects, and circumscribed to certain districts. The emperor still grants fiefs to the free tribunals ; and many are to be found in the county of March and the dutchy of Westphalia ; but they have lost their independent powers, and only exercise their functions in the name of the sovereign on whose estates they are established.—It appears probable that the secret tribunals were indebted for the vast increase of their power, towards the end of the fourteenth and at the commencement of the fifteenth century, to the anarchy which prevailed in the empire.—The chamber of Wetzlar, and the Aulic council, did not then subsist ; and it was impossible for a private person to obtain justice from a prince, or from any other states of the empire. Thus the secret tribunals remedied, for

some time, the evil of the Germanic confederation, and equally knew how to make themselves the objects of awe and veneration.



ALF VON DEULMEN;
OR, THE
HISTORY OF THE EMPEROR PHILIP
AND HIS
DAUGHTERS.

VOL. I.

D

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT
TO THE PRESENT TIME
BY
JOHN HUTCHINGS

IN TWO VOLUMES.
THE FIRST VOLUME.
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT
TO THE YEAR 1700.
THE SECOND VOLUME.
FROM THE YEAR 1700
TO THE PRESENT TIME.
BOSTON:
PRINTED BY
JOHN HUTCHINGS,
AT THE SIGN OF THE
CROWN, IN THE
MARKET PLACE.
1790.

Robert was at this occasion with the
state as we are, and had other things
the place knew their names, and the owner of
them, but in this particular spot this former
work of nature, and not a building. When
the town about had been so long
and the town about had been so long

ALF VON DEULMEN.

AFTER a solitary journey, the object of which fame has forgotten to transmit to us, the Count Palatine Robert, surnamed the Debonnair, arrived in a part of the country, of which our author, who seems studiously to have veiled his design in mystery, has also omitted to record the name. It was a desolate valley, surrounded by high mountains, and divided by a small but impetuous river, which precipitated itself northwards from the cliff of one rock to another, and announced at a great distance the violence of its fall.

Robert was as little acquainted with this place as we are: he had often visited the adjacent places, knew their names, and the owners of them; but in this particular spot, this forsaken nook of nature, he had never set his foot. Whenever he rode about those parts, he seldom took attendants with him: it is probable, indeed,

that the nature of his business required that he should be alone.

A large heath surrounded by barren rocks, a river rushing in torrents from them, the remains of an ancient castle, that appeared to be of the time of Charlemagne, formed such a prospect for a weary traveller, who was moreover threatened by a storm of thunder and rain, as to increase his solicitude for shelter and repose. Not a living creature was to be seen, but some of the feathered race who sought their nests on the approach of the tempest. The valley, for some time, breathed a close suffocating heat, till at length a gentle wind began to freshen the air, and interrupt the horrible stillness around him. The thunder rolled at a distance: Robert spurred his horse, endeavouring to escape the storm that menaced him; yet he perceived no shelter, but the castle which was at some distance, and appeared to be enveloped in mist and gloom. Such an unfavourable prospect was full of discouragement, but in his situation there was no choice.—The storm came on furiously ere he could reach the castle.—The heavens poured with rain:—the river

swelled :—the aged pines, the only trees which grow there, were bent to the earth, and the poor pilgrim found his way was covered with darkness, or discovered to him only by the lightning that at intervals gleamed around him. As he drew nearer the castle the road became less rugged ; and a flash of lightning presented to his view on the left hand a high stone building, whose monumental appearance did not seem calculated to afford the shelter he so anxiously desired. He continued, therefore, to urge his horse's speed to reach the castle ;—but whether it was inhabited by human beings, or by owls, and bats, and ravens, he was yet ignorant. The gate being locked, the Count Palatine knocked with all his strength ; but it was not till he had repeated again and again the echoing summons, that a voice from within demanded, " Who has for once been so daring, or so unfortunate, as to wander along this unfrequented way ? " " A traveller," replied the Count, " whom the storm has driven here." " So I suppose," resumed the person, as he unlocked the gate, " for no one, I believe, would approach this place in favourable weather. Come in, however,

the storm is severe indeed, and has treated you with little mercy ; for I perceive your garments are streaming with the rain." He was an old man, in a plain habit, with an agreeable countenance that seemed to invite confidence, who thus addressed Robert. The Count alighted, cordially shook hands with his host, and followed him to a vaulted hall, where was placed a stone table in the manner of the ancient Germans, on which was a large goblet of wine, and a basket of bread. " Refresh yourself with some drink," said the old man, " while I go and give orders to prepare a fire, and bring you a change of raiment." Robert obeyed; and then walked towards the window, to look at the storm from which he had just escaped ; when a frightful flash of lightning, followed by a violent clap of thunder, which rolled over the building, and threatened to tumble it into ruins, filled him with dismay. Robert was not fearful by nature, but he lived in a period when superstition and philosophic ignorance prevailed ; and those natural appearances which are now universally understood, were then sufficient, on certain occasions, to appal the stoutest heart.

“ This is shocking weather,” said the host, who now returned, “ the last clap of thunder has either fallen on one of the neighbouring pines, or on the hill itself. God have mercy on me, and my poor castle, at least on the traveller who has taken shelter beneath it.” “ Do you know him, then ?” demanded Robert ; “ he may perhaps be a sinner, who has drawn down the wrath of Heaven on you, and may involve you in his destruction.” “ He is no sinner,” said the old man, as he assisted his guest in changing his dripping clothes for the warm and comfortable garments he had brought him ; “ but pardon me, that you have so long waited ; I have but two servants. Vincent,” added he, speaking to one of them, “ run quickly and warm yourself at the fire, that you may be able to serve the gentleman at table. Conrad must keep the wild-fowl that he will bring home with him for to-morrow ; I hope to enjoy the company of my noble guest for more than one day.” Vincent had now made a comfortable fire.—The host (whose name his guest had repeatedly demanded, was called Thomas Knebel), drew a seat by it, and cautiously placed the Count with his

back to the window, to prevent his being alarmed, and that his eyes might not suffer by the incessant flashes of lightning. He then assisted the boy to prepare the table, on which he placed wine and bread, and such cold wild-fowl and fruit as were more than sufficient to satisfy the appetite of an hungry traveller.—“Will you permit me,” said Thomas, as the Count was seating himself, “to take my place opposite to you?”—“Why need you ask permission? you are the host, and I am but your guest.”—“You are right,” replied the old man, “an honest host may sit beside his guest, and we are at this moment far enough from the world, to admit passing the bounds that lie between a prince and a subject, but which, in truth, should only find place between good and bad men.”—“A prince! Do you know me?”—“When I hoped, just now, that God would have mercy on me and my castle, I intended to have added, that I knew you to be the Count Palatine Robert the younger, an honest, valiant, benevolent man, who will never bring a malediction along with him.”—“Thomas Knebel, if flattery could be read in

the traits of your physiognomy, I would say that I never before received such pleasing adulation."—"You would really do me injustice," said Thomas, smiling, "were you to impute such a disposition to me. That I am no flatterer, the candour with which I address you, the place where I am sitting, and the liquor in this pitcher, with which I now bid you welcome, can testify." Thomas drank, and Robert pledged him; they ate with appetite, and with as little restraint as if they had been equals. After they had conversed on the circumstances of the moment, the inhospitable season, the fury of the storm, and the Count's happy escape from it; a conversation succeeded which touched his very soul: for, in the fifteenth century, when these events took place, it was already become an uncommon thing for a prince to find in an inferior any other than flattery, dark mistrust, or secret envy.

After the repast was finished. "Honest Thomas," said the Count Palatine, reaching his hand to him across the table, "I must leave you soon; perhaps to-morrow, and the knowledge of your name alone is not sufficient to

satisfy me; you must not only gratify my curiosity, but enlarge my information concerning yourself; and you must instantly inform me by what means you became acquainted with me and my name.”—“ I once, Sir, served under your father,” said the old man, “ and I could not but know the son of my master and benefactor: many years are past since you are become a man; yet the features of a countenance, as well as those of the soul, are not so lightly effaced: one may surely recollect an old friend even after an absence of fifty years.”

“ But how is it possible,” demanded Robert, “ that I should not know the man to whom I am known, and who in one short hour has thus attached me to him?”—“ It was my fate, Sir, for many years to be separated from the society of human beings, consequently I remained unknown. In my country, when you were yet a child, a crime was discovered which produced universal horror, and being too heinous for the judgment of public justice, was to be transferred to private revenge. A friend of mine was the perpetrator of it; I was as innocent as I was ignorant of the crime, but ap-

pearances and suspicion were so strong against me, that I was obliged to make a defence which was fruitless ; and as no alternative was left for me but to die, or fly my country, I preferred the latter. Palestine has been my residence till within these few years, when an opportunity was offered me to quit the East. The formidable unknown persons who persecuted me were all powerful ; but thanks to the Supreme Being, they were not immortal ; and I had every reason to indulge the hope, that my long absence, and the change I have undergone from toil and sorrow, would preserve me from being discovered in the country from which I was driven by an unjust sentence. My expectation, indeed, is fulfilled ; no one remembers even my name :—I am quite forgotten. I never had many acquaintance, and still fewer friends ;—those I had were no more. I appeared therefore to be alone in the world. I brought home with me considerable spoils gained by victories over the Saracens ; they were obtained by hard toil, and not stained by unnecessary bloodshed : with them I purchased this ruined castle of Von Remen. Its situation suited my disposi-

tion, and it is my design to make it habitable for the few years I may yet have to live ; I have therefore engaged workmen for this purpose for the ensuing spring, and as I am not going to build for posterity, but solely for myself, the work will soon be completed. I shall pass some years here, I trust, in tranquillity, and then die in peace. Were I not an enemy to all appearance of compliment, I would say (and with the most heartfelt sincerity, I do say) that my satisfaction would be great indeed, to see and entertain you here ; and I will yet flatter myself, that the enjoyment of that happiness will not be denied me.” —“ But,” interrupted Robert, what can excite in you so warm a friendship for a man of whom you know nothing but the name ?” —“ Though I have been so long absent from the western regions, your actions, my Lord——” “ My actions, Thomas, have not been such as to be proclaimed by the trumpet of fame.” —“ I have, my Lord, witnessed many actions of renown in my day, but I shall not now mention their glory, or the persons who achieved them ; but whatever may happen in this world, it is my earnest prayer to God, that

the German empire may have such a man as you for its emperor; which would afford it more solid advantage than all those heroic actions with which historians fill their volumes."

"I know not, Thomas, from whence so extraordinary a wish can proceed.—In no moment of idle imagination did the idea of being emperor ever suggest itself to me; nevertheless I have sometimes been bold enough to think, that there are imperfections in the order and conduct of the imperial government, which require, and might find, improvement."—"Alas, Sir," said the old man, "do you not see where the sceptre is borne by arrogance and cruelty, instead of justice and humanity, and that the tears of the oppressed flow in vain before the throne. What you have seen, I have felt and experienced; and it is my prayer to Heaven, that this empire may enjoy such a prince as you, free from the faults of his predecessors, who neither possess their pride or ambition; who would not pretend to shine by brilliant actions, but would only draw the sword in defence of justice, and against the enemies of the empire; who would spare or punish as the good order

of society required, and would not arrogate those prerogatives which belong to God alone."

Robert found no difficulty in comprehending the virtuous emotions of his zealous host, which were but too well justified by the state of Germany at that period. He heaved a deep sigh at the reflections which arose in his breast on the occasion ; and, for the first time, a wish arose in his heart to be placed in that situation to which Thomas's wishes would have elevated him, that he might be enabled to remedy those horrid abuses and execrable tyrannies which disgraced his country.

During a pause, in which both the Count and Thomas were lost in deep reflection, the door opened, and Vincent entered, announcing to his master the return of Conrad with the game, and that he had escaped unhurt from the storm by which he had been overtaken. A lively satisfaction sparkled in the eyes of the master on the occasion. Conrad was unceremoniously commanded to enter ; when, after being questioned concerning the dangers of the storm, and the overflowing of the river, he was ordered to go and rest himself as soon as he had drank his wine.

“Hark ye, Conrad,” said Thomas, calling after him, “did the last clap of thunder do any considerable mischief? I fear, from the noise which accompanied it, that we shall have reason to lament its violence.”—“It has rift Alf Von Deulmen’s monument,” said Conrad, “almost from top to bottom; and to-morrow you will hear more about it.”—“Pardon me, my Lord,” said Thomas, when Conrad was gone, “for the liberty I have taken in your presence; but my servants are as dear to me as if they were my children. They both accompanied me to Palestine, and returned with me. Vincent was my courier, and Conrad my valet; to the latter I twice owed my life, and I once saved his: in short, the same tenderness and affection reigns between us, as that between a father and his children.” “Would to God,” said the Count, “that every prince stood in the same degree of confidence with his subjects, as you with your domestics; but what said Conrad of Von Deulmen’s tomb?”

“This tomb, my Lord,” is an ancient monument not far from hence, by which you must have passed, and of which we know no other

name than that of Alf Von Deulmen's tomb : his name, and that of Alverda, who most probably was his wife, with a few more characters, are still legible." " But who was this Alf Von Deulmen ?" demanded the Count, " I am sorry I had so faint a glimpse of this ruin, for I suppose it must have been that of which I caught a transient view on my way to this castle. As well as I could perceive by the lightning, it appeared to be an enormous pyramid, and a smaller one stood by the side of it."

" You are right," said the old man ; " and now, you will do me the honour to attend to what I can inform you about it, which I heard from a peasant of the country, when I was paying the money for the purchase of this place. Who were the first proprietors of this castle, I know not ; I received it from the hands of a descendant of Count Von Remen ; who bought it, for the same reason which induced me to possess it, because he was pleased with its romantic and solitary situation. Indeed it was his design to repair and embellish it, and he had begun to erect the walls which now surround it. At his first entrance into it as

proprietor, the keeper of it threw himself at his feet, and begged his merciful regard to a confession which he was bound to make him." "Ten years," continued he, "I have been keeper of this castle; and on my entrance to that office, a prisoner was given to my charge, who had been confined thirty years in one of its dungeons. I was engaged by a most solemn oath, not only to treat him as he had hitherto been, but that if ever the castle should fall into a stranger's hands, I was under the same obligation to strangle him. I have faithfully obeyed the former part of my charge; but to fulfil the latter is forbidden me by every feeling of my nature. Here are the keys of his dungeon, deal with him as you please, but do not make me his executioner."

"The Count Von Remen shuddered at the idea of forty years imprisonment, and flew to unloose the long worn-chains; a pleasure which fate had so wonderfully reserved for him. Tradition is not explicit as to the situation in which he found the captive; but certain it is, he could not tell whether the old, long lost, almost forgotten Alf Von Deulmen was most affected with astonishment or joy. To his

memory that monument was erected, which the thunder has just destroyed. Poor Deulmen, after suffering forty years' misery and imprisonment, did not survive his liberty, his happiness, and the sight of his friend, more than a few days. He died in the arms of Von Remen, and was buried by him in the spot which so lately claimed your attention. The Count found, in a place where his friend had so long suffered, nothing but horror: the circumstances of it were too melancholy for him to make it the place of his residence; he therefore changed his intention of repairing the castle, and contented himself with building the tomb. He afterwards travelled into Spain, France, and Italy, where he learned the history of his unfortunate friend, but from whom is not known, nor ever will be until that great day when all mysteries shall be disclosed. Some maintain, that Alf Von Deulmen was concerned in the murder of the former Emperor Philip, and that he fled on account of that crime: others say, that the formidable unknown power, the persecution of which I also have experienced, had a hand in the bloody transaction. His history induced that tribunal to institute more rigorous

laws, and employ greater secrecy in its administration. But who will credit this; for common report is often false. In those days no great personage could quit this life, but it was immediately supposed that he died by poison, or had been murdered; and no private person could retire from the world without being remarked, and followed by the invisible power of revenge. In the time of the Emperor Philip and Alf Von Deulmen, opinions were the same as in this age, although it is two hundred years ago. Whether there is any truth in these traditions, we will not take the trouble to investigate;—yet the ancient monument is well worth your seeing before you quit this place, although you will now only behold its ruins.”

After they had spent half the night in conversation on various subjects, Thomas conducted his noble guest to the best apartment in the castle, which he had ordered to be prepared for him. It was a magnificent, vaulted room, ornamented with various paintings, representing the battles of the Saracens, with Scripture pieces, family pictures, and allegorical representations. Count Robert was not inclined to sleep,

and when the good master of the castle quitted him, he spent at least an hour in examining the paintings that hung around the chamber. Three pieces in particular attracted his attention, which he interpreted as well as he could. The first represented two heroes:—their dress, their drawn swords, and their countenances were alike; they each held the uncovered steel in their left hands, and their right hands seemed to denote mutual friendship. Friends they must have been, for that was not only to be perceived by their close locked hands, but by the look of affection they fixed on each other. These must be David and Jonathan, thought the Count, not remarking that the dress of both warriors were modern, and that they each wore a crucifix on the breast. Poor David! how pale! how changed! he seems as if he were just come out of the cave of Adullum, and swearing eternal friendship to Jonathan. Robert, who had interpreted the first picture as a Scripture piece, was disposed to do the same by the others.—This dungeon, said he to himself; this man in chains; and the benign countenance of him whom he has released, with his wounded hands, can be no other

than the deliverance of Peter by the angel : yet it is extraordinary that the angel has no wings, and is not young ; but on the contrary an aged man, with a long beard. I suppose it has been the idea of the painter that a celestial form might have alarmed the holy apostle. But this third piece also, which is so frightfully daubed, demands my attention :—it cannot be the history of the creation, where I see the forms of two men, who seem to have just come from the hands of the Creator. The one who is employed is not Adam, but the figure of Justice, armed with a sword and scales :—the principal person wears the imperial diadem, the other the triple crown. All blessed God, what can all this represent!—yet what signifies guessing, and what are to me the whimsical ideas of the former world? Yet I will just look at it again ; when, under the principal figure, the Count read the name of Charles of Mayence ; and the candle being near burnt out, prevented the eager inquirer from distinguishing other names. Robert now went to bed, but fatigued as he was, he could not close his eyes. He thought no more indeed of the paintings, but other objects crowded

on his mind, and would not suffer him to sleep. the history of this old castle, of which the present possessor had such an imperfect knowledge; in particular, Alf Von Deulmen, and Evert Remen, the former of whom, as Thomas Knebel had told him, had died under the ban of the church, without receiving the sacrament, or having the last benediction, occupied his mind, and he asked himself a thousand questions concerning them. But we must leave the explanation of the paintings to a more suitable opportunity. Towards morning, he at length sunk into repose, if repose it might be called, which was disturbed by dreams as diversified and confused as his waking ideas; and they passed so distinctly in his view, that they seemed more than the empty shadows of the night. A majestic figure stood before him.—“Do you know me?” said the spirit, after having for some time fixed his eyes on him. “Thou art one of those figures I saw last night,” replied the Count, “in the paintings of this chamber.”—“My name is Adolf Count ***, or Alf Von Deulmen, under which unfortunate appellation I long encountered distress, misfortune, and death. Robert, Ro-

bert, you shall one day be emperor! See the blood with which my hands are stained—it is the blood of an emperor, it is the blood of a friend. Suppress that blind justice which has thus polluted them, which has thus polluted me!—restrain it when it shall be in your power, that it may not become the monster of blood and revenge, which you see represented in one of these pictures. What in my days was performed in secret by it, in thine they will pursue with a diminished precaution. Once again, I say, suppress this source of evil; and again I repeat, Robert, that you shall be emperor.”

The Count awoke in a state of extreme agitation; but becoming in a short time more composed, he lay reflecting on his dream, and yielding to the various suggestions of his disturbed mind and confused imagination. The moon shone bright through the windows of the bed-chamber, and being mistrustful of his memory, he wrote the particulars of his vision on the tablet which he always carried about with him. The picture of the two friends, which he had interpreted to be David and Jonathan, he once more examined; and found in one of the figures the exact resemblance of Alf Von

Deulmen—St. Peter in prison represented the same person.

All this was an enigma to him; he felt a kind of sensation as if he had been surrounded by spectres. He immediately returned to his bed, where he soon forgot the agitations arising from his dream, and fell into a profound sleep, which continued to a late hour; when his host came to his bed-side to awaken him. Robert, on opening his eyes, asked if his horse was saddled; and if he could that moment set out on his journey?—"Get up, my Lord, and decide yourself on your own question." Thomas then opened the curtains, and shewed him from the window, which was very high, a valley that might be compared to the open sea. "What is that?" cried Robert. "Nothing," returned Thomas, "but the certainty that your travelling either to-day or to-morrow is altogether impracticable. The incessant heavy rain having overflowed the river, which is a very rare occurrence, on account of its steep and lofty banks, you will see the impossibility of proceeding on your way, wherever it may be. Towards morning, a storm (I thought you were in your last sleep, as you were not

awakened by it) came on with such violence as to rend an huge rock at the entrance of the valley. The people in the village, who have the care of my house, have been here above an hour in their small boats, and have brought me this account. At the same time do not be uneasy, we are safe on our own hill. The river is several feet deeper than Alf Von Deulmen's monument, and you know how much higher we are situated than that awful structure.

Robert now got up, and went to the window with his host to look at the destruction the storm had occasioned: and it was indeed a most frightful spectacle. From the extreme height of the castle, the rock on which it stood, together with the neighbouring hills which were yet higher, all seemed to stand alone, like separated islands in a vast ocean. In the universal flood, the river was not distinguished from the amazing torrent in which it was tost; the fallen pieces of rocks, the uprooted pines, the ruins of houses, and the small boats driving about in the waters, formed a very alarming and horrid scene. The Count and his friend stood like two gods in the midst of this uni-

versal destruction, which the lowering heavens threatened to continue. Beneath them they had an example, in the ruin of Von Deulmen's tomb, how little safety was to be expected amongst those mountains. "My Lord," said Thomas, "would it be agreeable to you, that we should go forth, and see what ravages the storm and its lightnings have made around us? The ruins occasioned by the tempest may render the scene worthy the contemplation of one who, like you, are anxious to examine the works of Providence in all its forms and dispensations. Besides, that monument may, beneath its arched covering, inclose something which may highly import both posterity and you, who will one day be emperor." At these words, Robert looked with astonishment at his conductor, who had heard the same vaticination pronounced in his dream, which had alarmed and agitated the early slumbers of the Count himself. This dream now wholly filled his mind with confused images and ideas, and having committed the circumstances of it to his tablets, he drew them from his pocket to examine their contents.

Thomas now passed on; while Robert stopped to meditate on what his nocturnal vision might portend; the whole of which returned distinctly on his mind. In the most lively colours, he represented Alf Von Deulmen as in his dream, standing before him; heard him repeat the same words concerning the empire, and though there was an affinity between that and the prediction of his host, he determined not to say any thing, unless Thomas should renew the subject. He walked, therefore, slowly towards the declivity where Thomas was forming a path amongst the ruins, by clearing away the rubbish that impeded their way.

"My Lord," cried he, quitting his work on seeing Robert approach, "permit me to tell you what Conrad has just informed me concerning this place. He was not more than twenty paces distant from the monument when the storm rent it in twain, and made it the awful ruin we now behold. Stunned with the noise which filled us, who were so far distant from it, with affright, he fell down, and recovered only by the heavy rain which poured upon him. When he arose, he endeavoured to

walk home, but he was so weak that every attempt was fruitless; and he again sunk down in a state of insensibility by a fragment of the shattered rock, where he continued a considerable time, as he judges it to have been from the time the storm ceased. He now recollected what had happened to him, and determined, as the sky was become clear, and the moon shone through the clouds, to repose a little, and return to the castle. Then it was that, by the light of that orb, he discovered something which glittered amongst the rubbish as if it were gold; and having often heard of treasures buried in ancient monuments, he eagerly took it up, and brought it home with him. It was this little brass shield, which he gave me; and it may not, perhaps, be an improper indulgence of your curiosity to endeavour to decipher the inscription."

Robert took it, and read the following words, which, though there had been an interval of an hundred and fifty years, were yet legible, "Evert Von Remen erects this monument to the innocence and guilt of his friends.—Thou hollow tomb,—thou to whom the hand of Hea-

ven shall open thee,—be you of the princely race of him who, innocent, was obliged to suffer for the Emperor Philip's blood, and know that yourself will be emperor.—Guide well the scales of justice, and learn to spare the sword of execution.” “What is that,” exclaimed Robert, letting fall his tablet, “and to whom can it apply?”

“I know no more,” answered the old man, than that the world, for these two centuries, have thought that Otho Von Wittelsback (who was put to death by Peter Von Kalatin) was the murderer of the Emperor Philip, and that you, Count Palatine, are the descendant of that house. I have employed the whole of last night in considering the matter, and have only found this small glimpse of light, to illumine the dark prediction: you are more learned and more instructed than I am, see if you can discover any thing further.” “Von Remen himself,” said Robert, after a long silence, “must, according to the purport of this inscription, be buried in the deeper recesses of the tomb; and further intelligence will, I hope, spare us the trouble of unnecessary searches.” But the work which they

were projecting was not destined either for the Count or his conductor. The veracity of Thomas Knebel's servants cannot be doubted: they neither of them could read, but had heard so much of this affair, that they must unavoidably be acquainted with it; and before two days had elapsed they brought a small leaden box to the Count, which they desired might be inspected by him and their master.

They opened it, and found therein what would not employ my reader an hour in perusing; but which occupied Robert and the faithful Thomas many a patient day; as they were not so well instructed as those who live in our day: the characters also being somewhat effaced by time, were rendered more difficult to be deciphered; and from time to time they stopped to make their remarks on the important pages, which greatly prolonged the perusal of them, as they awakened the most affecting interest in the bosoms of the Count and his companion.

They found sufficient entertainment for the few days the Count was obliged to wait, until the decrease of the inundation around the

castle enabled him to pursue his journey; and with much regret, they perceived they were at a considerable distance from the last page of those manuscripts which bore such an immediate relation to Robert's future fortune. What opinions had arisen in the minds of the Count and the old man, on this partial perusal of the writings the reader will be informed when his curious eye has wandered over them. "O Thomas!" exclaimed the Count, "what things have I learned since I have been beneath your roof, and what ideas have they formed in my mind!" "Think of it," replied Thomas, "when you are become emperor, and endeavour to fulfil the good which now ripens in your breast."

"I shall always remember Evert Von Remen, whose trouble to procure those writings, cost him not only his repose, but his life. His ardour in the practice of virtue and justice is infused into my soul, and will never be extinguished. Whether I am the man destined to attain to the throne is a thing we must leave to a future period. In all those sheets I have not remarked that Evert Von Remen assumes the character of a prophet; and nevertheless, his

predictions, joined to my own dreams, have conspired to raise in me the hope of one day ascending the throne.”—“ We will leave these affairs,” observed the old man, “ to be unravelled by time and Providence ; but in your elevation, forget not the days you passed with me, the good resolutions you have formed here, and the old man whom you leave behind you in this deserted solitude, and who cannot see you depart without feeling the tears on his cheeks.” “ As a proof that I shall ever remember you,” replied the Count, “ when the great event happens to which we are disposed to direct our expectations, I shall send for you to be my counsellor, my guide, and my friend ; by whose wisdom and experience I shall accomplish those important objects which now employ my thoughts.”

Thomas shook his head, and said, “ This is but a bad recompense for your hospitable companion, to withdraw him in his old days from his peaceful retreat, and to drag him again into the career of the world, which he had forsaken”—Robert smiling at the warmth with which his friend spoke, immediately exclaimed, “ O far,

how very far those things are from us both ; and you perhaps may only promise to share in events that will never happen." Indeed far, very far off was the event which occupied their discourse. Ten years elapsed, and the Count still remained as he was, without seriously thinking of the imperial throne, or contending with the many who aspired to it. The occurrences of Alf Von Deulmen's tomb he seemed almost to have forgotten ; and he latterly buried it in uninterrupted silence. But at length the decrees of fate were fulfilled, and after dethroning Wincelaus, he was unanimously elected to that dignity which had been predicted to him. War and other disturbances prevented him, during a long time, from undertaking the amendment, and restraining the authority of those jurisdictions which were the scourge of his people ; but without which there would have been no history of Alf Von Deulmen.*

At last he brought to a conclusion what had already been attempted in the reign of Sigismund. Thomas Knebel was his counsellor, as

* In the year 1408, the Emperor Robert first put in agitation the reformation of the free tribunal.

he had been his friend. But it was his lot to survive the excellent man, who, as emperor, he had so well served ; and remained with his children until he had, according to the will of Robert, made a partition of the inheritance amongst them. He then with joy returned to his solitary castle, and pleased himself with the hope of passing the remainder of his life free from the tumult of the world, which had no more attractions for him, since the death of his royal friend and imperial master.

It was long after his death, that the papers which contain the following history, and which Robert had carried with him from the castle, were transmitted to us: nor do we consider ourselves as answerable for a greater degree of accuracy than the reader may be disposed to allow them.

THE
HISTORY OF ALF VON DEULMEN.

Evert Von Remen to Posterity.

1252.

POSTERITY, attend to these writings;—consider, ye into whose hands they may chance to fall, the pain and trouble I employed in their collection, and benefit by them as you may judge that I would have done had not the situation of affairs prevented me.

I had in my youth a friend, whether he rewarded my fidelity as it deserved it is not important to consider at the present moment. Of him, not of myself, do I intend to entertain the succeeding age.—I had a friend—we were separated, as it happens that friends often are: it was our fate to have different pursuits, mine carried me far beyond my native country; and absence caused neglect. I was but a man, how

then could I help forgetting those who forgot me. —yet when in the autumn of life I returned to my own country, I asked—Where is the friend of my youth, what is become of Count Adolf ***? All were silent!—Where is Count Alf Von Deulmen? I again repeated,—and their signs gave new force to their silence. Forlorn and afflicted, I retired from the world to cherish his memory in solitude; but the sight of the place where we had both been born, and passed the happy years of our youth increased my regret. I sought a deserted corner of the country, and found it. I bought a castle, but alas! I was ignorant of the purchase I had made with it. I knew not that by becoming the possessor of this ruined structure; I also became master of the life and liberty of my long lost friend. O, why did it not happen forty years sooner? Whether Alf Von Deulmen had been confined for more than forty years, I cannot tell; as a stranger only, I thought it my duty to release him from his chains, and I repaired to him to execute my purpose:—the friend of my youth fell in my arms.—

O my friend, how joyfully would I have dedicated the remainder of my life to have pro-

longed thine: but alas! how short, how very short a time did I enjoy the happiness of seeing thee at liberty! of consoling thee, and of alleviating thy suffering!—This joy was not for me—forty years complicated griefs thou couldst linger through—but the return of light, the sight of the sun, and the warm bosom of thy friend, were too much for thee,—and thou couldst not survive them. My long lost friend—my Alf Von Deulmen died in my arms a few days after we were thus re-united to each other. I made him this grave, and erected this monument to his memory, as also to that of his sister Alverda, although her ashes are not laid here; but her memory is as dear to me as his; she—but enough of her. My friend left me the fatal melancholy history of his life, and to posterity I address it. Such misfortunes as his must not die in oblivion. But shall I give it in his words, and with his sentiment? Alas, it was dictated by the pen of remorse and self-reproach; and without a more distinct explanation, judgment might err, and truth be perverted.

Alf Von Deulmen was not guiltless; neither could he be deemed by me the criminal which

he thought himself. He was made the instrument of vile projectors, and may his guilt be on them. In order to justify my friend, to manifest his innocence and the wickedness of those who misled him, I surmounted every difficulty. I found authentic writings, and rescued them from the oblivion in which they had been buried. The cabinets of sovereigns; the archives of cloisters, and even St. Peter's sanctuary itself, all flew open to me, and made me master of their secrets. A clamour was raised against me, and I was threatened with the anathema and excommunication of the pope. They exclaimed, that I was deceived—that what I had collected was all falsehood—that they had not been guilty of what I, at the risk of my life, dared expose to the world. Very well, be it so—who can decide on the guilt or innocence of mankind? It was not their menaces, but a sense of my own weakness, and the possibility that I might do them injustice, which induced me to suppress, what I would willingly have proclaimed to the four quarters of the world. Sacred monument, receive these writings within thy dark abode; and should they fall into the hands of any one

clothed with power and enlightened by wisdom, may they know how to reap advantage from them, and employ their communications to the purposes of honour and of justice. Many centuries, perhaps, may then have passed over the ashes of my friend and my own; and whether poor Alf Von Deulmen was innocent or guilty, may have become a matter of indifference to mankind. But his history is not without useful lessons, which will be of service, more or less, according to the age in which it may be produced: of great service it may be, should it come seasonably enough to remedy an evil which now causes so much calamity under the name of justice; and, perhaps, of little use, should it appear at a period when the oppressions beneath which the world now groans are entirely annihilated: then, alas, it will only be read as a tale, and regarded as a fable, and the real sorrows of Von Deulmen will only amuse as the fictions of fancy.

Cardinal Lotbario to the Bishop of Castile.

I STILL continue to address you under my former name, notwithstanding I have already obtained a new and more honourable title. The whole Christian world will soon reverence me as their visible chief; but the respectable pastor of the Castilian flock I shall consider only as my friend.

I should not have conquered, had not the rival to my glory, and former enemy to all my projects, Philip of Tuscany, been recalled to Germany on account of his own particular affairs: and will you attempt to divine what they were?—nothing less than to obtain the imperial dignity. O my friend, confess to me that in this important business, my penetration was superior to yours. When the emperor had committed the education of the young Frederick to this man, you were ready to wager on the side of the faithful Swabian, as you called the Tuscan; and firmly believed that he would sacrifice his blood and life to the happiness of his pupil, and rather die than snatch the Roman

crown from that child. You cannot but remember what I then said to you, and you are now to judge of the completion of my prophecy.

The German princes, it is said, ought not to have a child to govern them ; and the ambitious Philip is so negligent of his education, that on all occasions he runs into the extremes of a forward and capricious disposition. Will he succeed then? will my old enemy succeed?—The imperial honour, it is true, was predicted to him on the same day that the triple crown was prophesied to myself. The one is now insured to me ; but will he be as certain of the other? He, however, has many competitors, and no one dared to oppose himself to me. It is true, he might purchase of the avaricious duke of Zatnengin his pretensions, but what can he do against the wise, the disinterested Bernard of Saxony, who seems to be born to ascend the imperial throne? I must own, if fate were to place a pope and an emperor in its scales as a counterpoise, such an one as Bernard would fill me with alarm. All things considered, therefore, I should be as well pleased to see Philip in possession of the diadem as him. In either case, we must take our mea-

tures; and attend to those I am determined to pursue. I am come from the death-bed of the Empress Constantia; where I forcibly represented the infidelity of Philip, and obtained the object of my wishes. Philip, said she, neglects his pupil, and seeks that for himself, which in right belongs to the son of the Emperor Henry. I must recommend the care of this unfortunate child to more faithful hands. I leave him to your care; you, who as vicegerent of Christ I respect and venerate;—give me your hand then, and swear to me that you will maintain, for the neglected Frederick, the crown of his father. I accordingly did swear to her that I would maintain for Frederick the crown of his father; but my mental reservation confined it to that of Sicily: yet if I could secure to him also the imperial throne, wherefore should I hesitate a moment? If Frederick were emperor and the pope his tutor, something would be devised for the advantage of Christianity: yet such an undertaking would, I fear, cost much bloodshed; for I well know the perverseness of the German princes, and I guard myself against the error of promising more than

I can perform. The empress, who like all women was incapable of mistrusting an ecclesiastic, thought that by my promise all her wishes were fulfilled, and expired in peace. Frederick is now my pupil, and king of Sicily: but only on certain conditions, which would be improper to mention now, as being yet nothing more than Cardinal Lothario; to-morrow the pope will speak in another tone. That which is of the greatest importance towards the elevation of your friend, I have left for the conclusion of this letter. Between you and me, a marriage between the Castilian prince and the young Countess of Toulouse would produce no common benefit and advantage.—I this day received a letter from the prince's confessor, who has spoken to him about it, and finds him by no means averse to the proposition. You have now only to mention it to your king, to ensure his consent; and you cannot but possess continual opportunities of executing such a commission.

*Bernard Duke of Saxony to Count Palatine
Otho Von Wittelsbach.*

I HAVE aspired to the throne, my dear Otho, or rather, I should have accepted the offer of it would it have made me happy. The visible, and invisible supreme authority cannot, nor dare not be centered in one person. I must have resigned the latter to have supported the former:—consider, and judge yourself whether this exchange would have been advantageous. The greatest blessing of an honest man, is to possess the power and opportunity of suppressing vice and exalting virtue.* The throne on which I sit invisible, gives me many thousand opportunities; and I would not miss one for the enjoyment of ten imperial thrones: besides, the sword which I bear is formidable, and I only entrust it to my faithful friends. It is very easy to use it unjustly, and were I to exchange it for a sceptre, I should put the man appointed to be my successor in danger of becoming a

• The Duke of Saxony was chief of all the free tribunals.

tyrant. Things like these are not understood by a secular person, but you are already considered as one of those who are acquainted with them, and may comprehend a great deal.

No, my friend, I do not envy the Emperor Philip his elevation. And there is only one reason for which I could be displeased with him. He purchased the pretensions of the Duke of ——— for twelve thousand marks; and what have I done, that such a demand should have been made on me?—Philip, however, does not know Bernard of Saxony, and that is his excuse. But it is now passed: and my anger is at an end. As a proof of my good wishes for the new emperor, tell him, what he cannot possibly yet know, (as no courier travels so quick as ours), tell him the present pope intends to show himself a formidable enemy. The education of the young king of Sicily will not be neglected, now it is in his hands. This is old news; but the following is not: he has obliged the imperial præfect in the city of Rome to take the oath of fidelity to the pope; the Margrave Maskard, Mark Anthony, and Conrad of Swabia have also deprived him of his dukedom of Spoleto, and will

be in a short time in Germany; that all the states of Lombardy must yield to the formidable Innocent, and that Tuscany must soon follow their example. You will perceive that Philip must immediately be made acquainted with these circumstances, in order, if possible, to circumvent them.—Go, and recommend yourself to him. He has several handsome daughters, and no sons; he might propose an exchange, and by giving up a daughter, make Count Palatine Otho his son. This would be advantageous to both. I think Philip wants such a hero as you to support his throne, which probably (particularly from Rome) may receive many shocks; and you want an amiable wife, to form the delight of domestic happiness after the toils and fatigues of war. O that the same good fortune would smile on me! and that the possession of the beautiful Adeza of Poland would make me forget the sorrows of a widowed state: but she is yet very young, and alas, this object of my wishes must yet be delayed.

Elizabeth of Swabia to the Countess of Toulouse.

1198.

I ONCE more return to your arms, my dearest friend. The brilliancy of my father's court has no charms for thy Eliza. You know what I once felt when he exchanged his residence from the happy Swabia to that of haughty Tuscany. I did not like the Italian pomp; but preferred the convent where I had known you, and succeeded in reconciling my father to my choice. He, always partial to every thing foreign, was better pleased that his daughter should go to Lyons, and be near a French princess, than if I had gone to Marrenzell where my cousin was abbess, or any other convent in Germany. These are weaknesses, which I perhaps, as his daughter, ought not to have remarked;—yet how can I shut my eyes against those things which cause me such bitter affliction? Oh, my friend! how my father is changed.—Can it be possible that the dignity of emperor could alone effect this alteration in his character? My mother, whose con-

fidence in me daily increases, told me, that he had engaged in many conferences with the Romans, and that they most probably tended to corrupt his heart. It is some time since an unbounded friendship had taken place between him and the Cardinal Lothario, the present pope. His house and ours had for many years been but one, and it was supposed that a nearer alliance, by a marriage with one of his nephews, and a sister of mine, was settled between them : but some unguarded words have dissolved at once their friendship, and the former friends are now the most bitter enemies.

God be praised, cried I, when Irene related this to me,—God be praised that the Germans are released from so dangerous an alliance with a foreigner!—O, my child ! you speak without experience she answered ; a disunion of this kind will produce bitter fruit : in their former friendship and confidence they had entrusted to each other those things which ought not to be known to any one. A trifle has destroyed this strict alliance, and they now implacably hate each other : they are alarmed at the recollection of what has passed between

them, they apprehend reciprocal revenge, and each wishes to effect his purpose. Thus outrage after outrage proceeds between them, until it ends in the deepest vengeance, which both think just on their side, and with which they reproach each other. It is some time since your father has heard of the revengeful hatred of Count Segni; which, though now emperor, he cannot yet change.—Segni became Cardinal Lothario; and the first thing he did, as he owed his elevation to Celestine the Third, was to procure the pope's anathema against his former friend. Philip was excommunicated; and whose office is it now become to release him? that of the present pope, who brought this misfortune upon him? O, my child! my dear child! this eternal hatred which began between your father and the Count Segni, now reigns with inveterate fury between the Emperor Philip, and Pope Innocent the Third.—God grant it may not terminate in blood.

My mother gave me many other proofs of what she asserted, which made me tremble. Oh that Philip Duke of Swabia had never seen that Roman! Oh that he had never been elected emperor; we his children might then perhaps

have much longer enjoyed his affectionate kindness, and parental protection.

I have yet one consolation; the German princes adore their chief; my father (they tell me, when I write or speak of him, I should call him emperor, but the feelings of my heart suggest a more tender name), my father has lately made an acquaintance with a man whom I never saw before.

O, my dear Alice! what a man is the Count Otho Von Wittelsbach: full as handsome as the Prince of Castile, whose picture you shewed me; while he is good, amiable, and brave as the Duke of Saxony, by whose approbation he has become attached to my father.

Let me speak with that candour to my friend which she so well deserves. It is possible that Wittelsbach might have been the cause of your not seeing your Eliza again in the convent. An alliance between him and one of Philip's daughters is talked of; but alas! he has cast his eyes on Kunigund, and I must return to you. Doubtless Kunigund is younger and handsomer than I am; but I fear she has left her heart in Italy. Yes, my dear Alice, I will

again return to you, and bring with me another friend in my sister Beatrice: it is true, she is yet but a child, but a few years will entirely attach her to you. Our dear mother is pleased that she is to go with me to Lyons, as she likes the education that I have received within our holy walls, and wishes to give her younger daughter the same advantages. Besides, she is very solicitous to remove her from the dazzling scenes of a court, which are but too apt to corrupt a young mind. As for my father, all his care seems centered in Kunigund; and so that she remains, he is contented to let us depart.

O, Eliza, Eliza! what hast thou written? examine thyself; look into thy heart, see whether there is not something of jealousy there:—alas, can I be jealous of Kunigund, jealous of Philip's and Otho's preference of her, which, from her beauty, prudence, sense, and manners, she so highly merits? in truth, my amiable friend, I feel that it is time I should return to our sacred solitude. I there learned the art of examining my heart, although in the world; but the art to conquer it is left for my return: I must hasten to you.

Pope Innocent the Third to the Emperor Philip.

1198.

I HEAR that the chief of the German empire has made complaints against Christ's vicegerent, on account of some disagreeable circumstances which have befallen him. Could, however, the pope and the emperor have cause of complaint against each other, if the Count Segni and Philip of Swabia could again renew their former friendship? Or have you quite forgotten it? Do you take the trifles which have happened to you since I have filled St. Peter's throne as a revival of the ancient disputes that formerly occurred between us? must I believe that Philip can judge so lightly, when he knows what an high dignity so often requires of us? what the duty of the pope and the emperor demands of them to do, does not concern the friends, Lothario and Philip. Let the church and the empire settle these things between them.

In the mean time, I will prove to you how much I love an old friend. He from whose hands you will receive this, has orders to confer privately with you, and to alleviate your hardships, as much as our duty towards the good of the church will permit us.

Farewell, my brother. Accept my sincere wishes for your happiness, and long enjoyment of imperial dignity, and the apostolical blessing of your old friend.

Philip to Innocent.

1198.

To the best of my remembrance, I have never complained of any ill treatment from Rome. We Germans never complain; we carry a sword at our side, which quickly determines all disputes; yet we never draw it but when necessity requires such an appeal: and I am well pleased with the proposals of your ambassador, the bishop of Sutri: they are not wholly unacceptable to me:—yet I do not pretend to be a judge of this affair; the German princes must examine and decide upon it.

I am rejoiced that you, as pope, recall our former friendship.—Those were happy days we passed, when we were so far removed from the rank to which we are now exalted:—would to God they could return. It does not depend on me that this should happen, which though so distant,

might yet be possible. You may also believe me, that the title of emperor which you give me in your last, I neither sought, nor accepted, in defiance of you :—yet more, I always had your interest and that of the holy church in view. Philip is a faithful son of this holy church ; and if he must live an outcast from her protection, he will not give either her or the successor of St. Peter so much disquietude as many others on whom the choice was near falling : such as the Duke of Ziegenheim, who, above all things, studies his own interest ;—and the philosopher (I had almost said the unbeliever), Bernard of Saxony ; and ask yourself whether Philip of Swabia, who, through affection for you, believed as you taught him ; or the generous Philip, who, also, by this opportunity sends St. Peter a proof of his good will ; would you not, I say, as soon see him on the throne as the other ?—Solely to protect you from harm did I become emperor, and for this reason I hope you will agree that I may remain so, as that event cannot now be set aside.—With the grace of God, from your affectionate brother

PHILIP.

Pope Innocent to the Bishop of Sutri.

1198.

I HAVE received a letter from my beloved son and brother, Philip, which almost moved me to tears: he complains of being an outcast from the bosom of the holy church, to which he so faithfully adhered. This calamity must be redressed; and I now order you to release this pious prince from the ban under which he was put by our predecessors of pious memory, for having committed some misdemeanours in Tuscany.

It is my ardent wish that this injunction should be executed with the utmost solemnity, to dissipate every doubt that may have arisen on the occasion. I must desire you also to send an account of this commission to his imperial majesty, and advise with him concerning the execution of it.

The excommunication of my dear son and brother is, in my opinion, known but to a few; and it is this circumstance, considering the veneration every one has for the word of God delivered by us, that occasioned his having been elevated to the imperial throne by an unanimous choice. Ought we not then to make it appear manifest that he was devoted to God? should we by this be adding to his sufferings instead of procuring him advantage?

Once more, go yourself to our friend the emperor, advise with him about this important business; and do that which he thinks best. Though, after all, you are so much better qualified to direct him in spiritual affairs, that I recommend him particularly to your good counsels and pious influence.

From Rome to the Archbishop of Cologne.

1198.

WE have orders to inform you, that the bishop of Sutri, within these few days, has released from the ban of the holy church Philip of Swabia ; as it was the pope's desire it should be privately done, and that he should again be received into the bosom of the church. Say, whether you are pleased with this indulgence ?

You must not think that you have been overlooked by this solemn transaction.—It is your duty, void of self-interest, not to doubt the justice of it, although performed with so much privacy, and that the sanctity of the pope would not permit him to make an improper use of his authority. It is a just complaint, that the German empire should have for its head an excommunicated man, when it would have enjoyed more happiness under any other sovereign : but

every one seems to have forgotten that the son of Henry of Louvain, the pious Duke Otho, is in being, who would have been better in every respect for the empire than the excommunicated Philip.

The receipt of this letter was never acknowledged.

The Empress Irene to her Daughter Eliza.

1198.

HAPPIER days were beginning to smile upon us: the emperor being released from the yoke of the ban, began to breathe more at liberty, and could now, as he thought, have attended with more spirit to the welfare of the empire, and the happiness of his children.—O my dear Eliza, how can I paint to you the projects of tender parents for the good of their offspring. You, like a saint, have chosen heaven for your inheritance, withdrawing yourself thereby from worldly enjoyments, and we have no further concern for you—yet you must not remain without your cares. The abbesses of Quidling-bourg have always been the daughters of the German emperors. You may easily surmise

therefore what we thought of for you, and which you cannot fail of obtaining, should the happiness of all your sisters be frustrated.

Contented to see our Kunigund so well married to the Count Otho Von Wittelsbach, we turned our thoughts to our younger children. Your father had destined the young king of Sicily for the little Agnes; and the valiant Duke of Brunswick, the son of Henry of Louvain, for Beatrice. The whole empire would have rejoiced at these alliances.

The prosecution of this delightful plan was not to be delayed; Kunigund's marriage with the Count was considered as finally settled. You know my last letter invited you to the nuptials:—but it was too soon to think of the little Agnes, as she is only three years old. Your father, however, is now on good terms with the pope; and in a confidential letter to him has mentioned these things: an emissary was also ready to be sent to the Duke of Poitou on account of Beatrice; when, alas, we were informed that this same Duke of Brunswick, even this Otho the son of Henry of Louvain, whom we esteemed and revered so much, with whom

we had hoped to form an alliance, has become your father's adversary.

Ah, Eliza! you did not know by my former letter that there was an appearance of receiving two emperors, and I write to you only now to recall the invitation I gave you.—You can well suppose, by the present prospect that there is no time for nuptial preparations. The count and Kunigund are only affianced; and it is astonishing how resigned they were, particularly Kunigund, who seemed more rejoiced than grieved, which I could neither comprehend nor approve.

O, Eliza! my heart is oppressed; what would I give that you were here to console me! yet I flatter myself that all will yet go well. All the German princes are ready to support Philip; and the pope, who can do so much in these concerns, is his friend. I hope and trust that the affair may yet be decided without bloodshed, which is not only our ardent wish, but is essential to the interests of your father.

These misfortunes which now have a menacing aspect, will, if they happen, originate in the refusal of the archbishop of Cologne to acknowledge your father's release from excommu-

nication.—It is ridiculous to doubt a thing for which we have the pope's suffrage ; and I cannot comprehend why the proof of this affair is so difficult to demonstrate, when it is signed and sealed by the bishop of Sutri ; unless it is too late, and the division in the empire already formed.

Pope Innocent to the German Princes.

1198.

WHEN the Grecian empire was first transferred by the popes into Germany, no emperor could, with justice, bear this exalted title, until he was first crowned and anointed by us: and when you submitted it to our authority and wisdom to decide upon such affairs, you acted right. It was, indeed, most commendable in you to address yourselves to the apostolic throne in such doubtful cases, and to lay before it the decision of the grand question "Who shall be our chief?"

It is a flattering proof of your confidence in our impartiality, that you have not thought of interrogating us, when, perhaps, you might suppose that our choice (not to give it an higher name) might fall on our pupil, the young king of Sicily, whom we as his guardian, and to

increase our power, might perhaps nominate.—

But far be it from us to be so inconsiderate as to speak for a prince whom we dare not offer to you, for when he was named by his late father the successor, he had not been baptized, and consequently is incapable: were there not this objection, his tender age would not allow us to think of him. “*Woe be to the*

country which has a child for its sovereign, such a one is an early prey to corruption.”

These affecting words might perhaps be applied to another, whom, on account of our former friendship, we were inclined to favour.

Philip of Swabia is our friend—but dare friendship, in such an affair, attempt to interpose where justice alone should govern?—No—she must not blind us against truth—she dares not make us forget that Philip, as having committed some violence, was excommunicated by our predecessor, Innocent the Third, of pious memory; and still lies under the ban. His being privately released from it by the bishop of Sutri cannot here assist him.—Yet, wherefore was this absolution private, when he had our

consent to it? Besides all this, Philip is a notorious voluptuary and a drunkard; morning, noon, and night, are consecrated by him to debaucheries:—a traitor, who usurped the empire which he owed to his pupil the young king of Sicily;—an enemy to the church—a descendant of Henry the Fifth and Frederick the First; a brother to Henry the Sixth; successor to all these adversaries of the church, so that we may perceive what the holy mother has to apprehend from him.—

Can you, after these points are made so manifest, yet doubt to whom we shall grant our suffrage? what objection can be made to the Duke of Brunswick? is he not an hero, and the son of an hero? is he not a faithful son of the church? It is no affront to him that he was elected later than Philip, since he is more proper to reign, and far more agreeable to us and the holy church.

If, in the mean time, you have any thing to oppose to this our choice, we will not set bounds to your liberty; but we must desire you to recollect, that it is necessary you should confer

the imperial dignity on some worthy man ; for if you neglect that duty, we will openly acknowledge Otho of Brunswick as sovereign, and immediately assemble the convocation at Rome.

Irene to Eliza.

1200.

ONE hope yet remains with us after so many horrid transactions; particularly that unjust and unexpected decision of the pope, in which all my hope was placed. O, my Eliza! rejoice with me, the good, the estimable Conrad of Mayence is on his return from Palestine. He was your father's preceptor, his influence over him was great, and Philip was always beloved by him. He stood in an equal degree of esteem with the Duke of Brunswick (who, after his coronation at Rome, was unanimously complimented as emperor), and even the pope stands in awe of him. O, Eliza! what cannot the mediation of such a saint as Conrad effect? and that he will become a mediator, he has promised your father in the strongest and tenderest manner in his

letter ;—and Philip, who would not hear of a mediator before, is at present not only inclined to accept it,—but does more, he even makes advances towards the mediation, and is willing to forego somewhat of his elevation, as if he had been the aggressor. I cannot blame him. The archbishop is a man venerable from his age, having reached fourscore years ; and, as it is generally supposed, will be confessor to the emperor, in whose heart he first implanted the seeds of virtue :—and surely it will not be doing him too much honour, if it should please Philip to go to Mayence to hear his opinion, and consult with him : whatever is done, will be agreeable to me. A man who is surrounded with rays of glory like a saint, cannot make a false decision. If he were even to propose to Otho to divide the authority, would that abate any thing of Philip's greatness ? When he, as being the senior, would have the precedence ; and, by means of his daughter, would he not strongly bind his coadjutor to him and myself ? should I not be equally the wife and mother of an emperor ? should I not be happy to see my children and the empire contented ?

O, thou angel of peace ! favour those designs
 which are most for our advantage, and that
 yet lie concealed in the bosom of time ! grant
 to Conrad's words uncontrollable authority,
 and submission to the heart of Philip !

*Count Palatine Ottho Von Wittelsbach to Adolf
Count Von ***.*

1200.

You defer your departure a long time, my friend. Hasten, oh hasten your visit to me.—I long to see you—I live here in a world for which my German heart is not formed.—Heavens! to whom has Bernard of Saxony resigned my attachment to him. I wish I had never beheld Philip, or his enchanting daughters.—You know how I was captivated at first sight with Kunigund; you know also that on a more particular acquaintance, she added but little to my first impressions in her favour. She is handsome, it is true; but neither prudent or discreet enough for me. I have reason to think she is attached to me, and would not willingly; lose me; else why does she discover so much anxiety to reconcile me to her, whom she once

irritated with her Italian caprices. At the same time, I am disposed to suspect that I do not entirely possess her heart, as she seems so perfectly resigned to the many obstacles which have arisen to our union. I wish, therefore, with great anxiety for the aid of your acute sagacity, to discover the real state of her breast. Come and unravel this business for me, and assist me in clearing those doubts and apprehensions, which the circumstances of the moment excite in me.

Good God! what must I think of Philip? can what the bishop of Sutri told me in secret be possible? We are at Mayence.—The archbishop Conrad, a lively resemblance of St. Peter in dignity and appearance, an angel of eloquence, a visible saint, was obtained by Philip's entreaties to be mediator for what I could not otherwise have accommodated. All went on well. Philip lived and breathed in his old preceptor, and would not move from him for a moment. He eat out of the same dish with him, drank out of the same goblet—and yet it is said he was his secret enemy,—can this be possible?

The archbishop Conrad is no more ; he died suddenly by the side of Philip while they were at dinner. Can it be possible (which a certain person would make me believe), that Philip has poisoned him ?

I am not myself,—I cannot, I dare not speak to any one of these alarming circumstances : Philip may be innocent—no one besides myself, and he, who infused into my heart this diabolical suspicion of infernal poison, thinks he died of any thing but old age.—Yet the tormenting thought leaves me not ; all circumstances concur in confirming it ; even the precipitation with which Philip took possession of his breathless corpse, and his prompt solicitude to remove it immediately from the scene of his death.

My heart will burst—I must confide its sufferings, I must deposite my grief in the bosom of the only person at this court for whom I cherish an unlimited esteem, and who is no other than the Empress Irene herself, whose German integrity bespeaks her not of Grecian extraction. She conversed with me like an angel ; she exculpated her husband, and wondered I could suspect him.

It is, however, too intricate for my penetration. I can trust no one but her; and I must away, if you do not shortly appear to alleviate my sufferings by your friendship. Come, if you can, under a borrowed name. I have reasons for desiring this, which I will explain when I have embraced you.

*The Bishop of Sutri to the Cardinal Guido
of Præneste.*

I HEAR you are gone to Cologne to resent the encroachment which Philip, through the appointment of an archbishop of Mayence, has made on the papal authority; and I immediately set out to meet you, to explain certain things with which they, as I am told, will charge the Roman court. I acknowledge in you not only the pontifical legate, but the sincere and confidential friend, to whom I can open my heart without reserve; and who is incapable of repeating to my disadvantage or dishonour, what I must tell him, and which would burst my swollen heart if I withheld it from him.

Attend, I pray you, to my short narration; and then answer me according to your knowledge and experience of those characters, who excited by ambitious views, would wish to rise in this

wicked world, and cannot bear the thought of passing their lives in the dust. From the most adverse state on earth,—from the cloister of a convent, I had long wished to rise, and I became bishop of Sutri: I then was anxious to be, what you now are, the pope's legate, and had several commissions from his holiness to Germany, both private and public, as you have had, and acquitted myself as well as you, beyond my expectation. I talked to the emperor about his release from the ban, concerning which I received my orders and instructions, and every thing happened as might be expected. Divisions and disagreements arose, and the empire now sees herself divided as it were between two emperors.

After I had done all that was required of me, I was neglected, and the promises which were made me have not been fulfilled:—nay, it has been said, “that the bishop of Sutri will be attached on account of Philip's private release from excommunication.” These were things, indeed, I should have foreseen, when experience has so often taught me, that people are accustomed, if they well can, to shake off those

through whose talents and services they have accommodated their private concerns.—When the work is done, the tools are thrown into the fire. Unfortunately I found these things already proposed. I was a man; I was irritated—and as revenge was impossible, I consulted my own security, and I found it with Philip. Philip esteemed and loved me, as it was from me he first heard the word of grace; and I did not fail to assure him daily of the validity of my orders for his absolution, and that he was acquitted in defiance of the pope, and the whole college of cardinals.

This consolatory intelligence procured me the imperial favour and confidence, and many glittering promises of future advantage. I trusted to all this, not reflecting that Philip is but half a German. I depended in silence on one circumstance, which has now happened by the death of the old archbishop of Mayence, and already saw myself, in my own mind, as one of the first ecclesiastical princes, as well as some steps nearer the triple crown; which as from your experience you well know,

my dear Guido, is the jewel to which we all aspire.

The archbishop Conrad died. The emperor was sensible of the necessity, as well as of his own power, in defiance of the pope, to appoint a successor. I had not the least doubt but I should have been chosen: every thing confirmed me in these hopes; but I was neglected and passed by.—One Leopold, a bishop of Worms, was appointed to the vacant mitre, which, if justice and gratitude could have operated, would have been granted to me. Foolish, inconsiderate Philip, of how firm a support have you robbed yourself! will Leopold perform what you would have expected from me?—*tremble for the consequence of thy choice.* This however is past, and I mock at the promises which are repeatedly made me, to content myself with forming some plan for revenge and happiness. I acknowledge that it was by unlucky chance which turned me from the pope to the emperor—but I shall return again to my former position. The Roman secrets have been sacred with me; and, notwithstanding my great familiarity with Philip, I carry

them unrevealed to the bosom of the church. In short, nothing is lost, and I am treated in a more agreeable and sincere manner than before; so that I may perhaps bind myself to afford the means in my power, towards that great design of ruining Philip. It may, indeed, be found that I have made preparations to prove my renewed fidelity, which only those who are not in a situation to revise the whole affair, will call trifling and insignificant.

Philip has a man at his court, who may be justly styled the pillar of the imperial throne; he is to be his son-in-law; and this hero, with his arm of iron, this renowned German, with his firm unshaken probity, may make us renounce all our projects against Philip. The Count Palatine must become his enemy ere we can destroy him.—Since my advantages, by Philip's manner of acting, are so evident, I have been reflecting how one might turn the heart of this brave man against him; and experience informs me, that a personal injury will not be so effectual to our purpose, as a mistrust of his sincerity.

The Count Palatine is a man who has an heart

of gold, and an understanding of silver: his judgment is easily deceived, and he who offends him one moment, can persuade him the next that he did not mean to give offence. With him, to injure virtue is a crime of the most heinous and unpardonable nature, which he can never be brought to forgive. This is the man of whom I would rob Philip; and by such a severe blow, revenge all my unmerited sufferings. You shall hear in what manner I propose to execute my design. The archbishop Conrad died a death not uncommon to men of his advanced age. The emperor is as innocent of his death as I am of Leopold's elevation to the archbishoprick;—nor has any one an idea that it was in his nature to commit the least injury against his old preceptor, whom he loved with a filial affection and tenderness. Such suspicion as I now suggest, and which I have already mentioned, is not only improbable, but monstrous;—nevertheless, I have succeeded in planting it in the most sincere, the most unsuspecting heart in Germany. I am his confessor, and since our last spiritual conversation, he thinks that in the emperor Philip he beholds an

assassin. His whole heart revolts at the sight of him, and we may rely, I think, on the first impulse of it, though, in the end, the fallacy of the suspicion must inevitably appear to all the world. The seeds of mistrust, however, being once sown, will, in their consequences, produce for us, a fruitful and plenteous harvest.

Observe what I have prepared for that power, from which for a moment I was separated, but to which I shall return for ever. I only tell you of the more trifling advantages which can be expected from me; for my own security I keep the greatest to myself. Should circumstances fall out as I wish, then I will unfold the rest, as I learn it from the mouth of Von Wittelsbach, in his undissembled and unreserved moments of piety and devotion;—things, a perfect knowledge of which must be of more advantage than either we or our successors can conceive. He is acquainted with many secrets, which I promise to impart to our chief on certain conditions; but he has a friend in Westphalia who knows them better than himself. I have taken care to make him invite him hither, and intend to draw him also into our party. God grant,

that he may not prove more acute, more circumspect, or less devout than the Count Palatine. I am disposed to form this opinion as his arrival is so long delayed.

The Count Palatine Otbo to the Pope.

1201.

HOWEVER accustomed a German prince may be to prefer the use of his sword to the pen, yet if the welfare of the empire, and the wish of each prince require the latter, it ought not to be neglected.—Unfortunately I, among the whole number, am called upon to conduct this instrument of science, and with all that expedition which the circumstances of the time require. But it is a task that I would most willingly yield to any other.

What I have to expose, with all reverence to the chief of the Christian world, which I, and all, must sensibly feel, has not so much for its object the injured violated right of the Emperor Philip, to which I am attached by a particular circumstance, as some encroachments on the liberties of the German empire, which must originate from Rome, and for which we can in no wise stifle our resentment.

From whence does St. Peter imagine that he is to force a king upon us at his own pleasure? from whence proceeds it that our ancient pious bishops of Rome, who ought to walk in the humility of their divine master, should meddle in worldly affairs, and pretend to claim a suffrage in the choice of an emperor? That the emperors can elect popes is well known, but in electing an emperor, it was never thought necessary to join the suffrage of the pope. Though the emperors have sometimes, from a spirit of Christian humility, thought proper to resign the power of speaking in a decisive tone at the election of a pope, such a step cannot justify this rashness with which the Roman court usurps a right that does not belong to it, and which, with our consent, it shall not attain.

Were I disposed to enlarge on the subject, I should admit that Innocent the Third could not possibly know those things which have lately passed at Cologne, and I should complain that Frevel bishop of Præneste has against all rule of the empire, interfered with the Romans in the choice of a king: but it is well known that you are not ignorant of all this, and that

Guido, when he went to Cologne to confirm the Duke of Brunswick as our emperor, acted with your consent.

We feel it to be impossible for us to resent the holy father's last letter, and it is yet more impossible for us to see the late injury done our rights of the empire with indifference. The arbitrary tone of the former we perhaps, in some degree, merited, as we ourselves in a certain manner asked your counsel and opinion: but how have we given occasion to encourage the audacious bishop of Præneste in his bold undertaking? We request of you, holy father, to recall him, and to declare all his proceedings null and void; or do not be surprised if regardless of you, and to satisfy our revenge, we all join and obtain an emperor of our own choice, as a disavowal and in contempt of foreign authority. We should charge ourselves with a very heavy condition indeed, were we to acknowledge him for a judge in worldly affairs, who can alone act in ecclesiastical ones, and thereby give him an opportunity of encroaching on foreign powers.

The Pope to the Duke of Ziegenheim.

1201.

THE Count Palatine Otho, who has lately written us a most audacious letter, we know not; and we judge also the answering it unnecessary, as it concerns you and all the German princes, whom we acknowledge and esteem.

How comes it that an heir and faithful son of the church should presume to think of limiting the liberty of our beloved mother, and to abridge the privileges which we first held of her? Did not the Roman empire, by the aid of the apostolical throne, first devolve to the Germans in the person of Charles the Great, and can you suppose that the vicegerent would take with one hand, what he had given with the other? Far be it from our thoughts. But if on the one hand, we are pleased to leave the power on your side to nominate the king you may choose to

elect, so on the other, you should not dispute our right of opposing him whom we are to anoint and crown. We will also make it known, that no German prince that you elect can be appointed without the pontifical coronation and anointing, and that his consecration must have the impression of our seal.

It is a common rule and observation, that whoever is in need of the holy benediction and consecration must first submit to spiritual examination. This is practised by the holy church in all the most menial offices and appointments, and this must therefore be more essentially necessary in regard to the highest;—even the pope himself must be again baptized ere he can wear the triple crown.—How then can a German monarch dare to resist the customary examination? You would have us anoint one who is a church-robber, a blood-thirsty, excommunicated man, a tyrant, an heretic, and a pagan.—Judge yourselves if we have not acted conformably to justice in regard to your king, Duke Philip of Swabia, in what concerns arbitrement and examination; and confess that our legate, the bishop of Præneste, has in no way, assumed any autho-

rity in judging for you, or in either choosing or rejecting a king for you; but has only declared, in our name, our opinion of your choice; which we herewith declare and make known, —that, think what you will of Philip and Otho, son of Henry of Louvain, the former, according to our unerring opinion, is unworthy to be crowned and anointed by our hands, and the latter is the most worthy among all the German princes.

The Empress Irene to her daughter Beatrice.

1206.

You say too much, my dear child, about the visit of the Prince of Castile to his future bride, the Countess of Toulouse, and of the part you and your sister acted upon the occasion. I do not see the necessity why you were to be shewn to a man who was a stranger, and who ought only to have eyes for his bride, and to have been spared the sight of you. Why should he be tempted to pay more attention than his duty would honourably allow him, as it appears to me to have been the case with Eliza?

To know more of these things, my child, I address myself to you, as I am acquainted with your sister's modesty and her fear of maternal reproof. You must recollect that your duty towards your mother is greater than that towards your sister; and that you must hide nothing from

me ; at the same time, I am sensible you cannot mention any thing to the disadvantage of Eliza, and I ascribe every fault that has hitherto been committed to the great liberty which is permitted to the young ladies in the French convents. Would to Heaven your father's decided propensity for every thing foreign had not deprived me of your company, that I might have watched over you myself, as I am daily more and more convinced, how necessary maternal care and attention are to young women. The example of Kunigund must here occur to you, and what manners she learned, and habits she acquired in that unfortunate year when she was obliged to be from under my eyes in Tuscany. I see the consequences of Italian education, though she has always been the favourite of your father, nor does she merit the constant love the count feels for her, she, alas, knows not how to value such a heart as his.—I am not indeed without my apprehensions that she has left her affections in Italy.—O! my dear child, guard your heart from making an unpremeditated choice ; this is the duty of all young women, but particularly those of your

rank, as they must know there are but few of their birth to whom fate can destine them ; and for whom they must reserve the sacrifice of undivided love.

For whom the sacrifice of yours is designed, my Beatrice, I could tell you, perhaps, if you were with me ; but things of such consequence must not be trusted to a letter ; only let me remind you, that it is most likely you will be established before any of your sisters, as the tranquillity of the Roman empire depends on the disposal of your hand and heart.—What a misfortune it would be, when at the moment this duty is required of you, that you should be blinded by an earlier passion, and reject it :—as were you heroine enough to resign your heart with courage, you might then become a prey to the misery of frustrated hopes, and render another equally unhappy.

For the present we will quit this subject. I rely entirely on your prudence and virtue ; circumstances, perhaps, may soon procure us a personal communication, when we may speak at large on these things.

A storm is gathering over us.—The noble

Otho, most certainly against his consent, is become your father's opponent: it is not by power that Philip has gained all hearts;—no—it is by kindness, generosity, and benevolence. His adversary the Duke Otho, who by nature is goodness and magnanimity itself, imitates his liberality, but his abilities will not permit so long an exercise of that quality; and we ourselves feel the donations which the circumstances of the times oblige us to make.—It will, however, be no detriment to us; as the treasures of a German emperor are in the opulence of his princes.—Our children also will be rich, although they should be inferior to others in outward pomp and ostentation.—This, my dear girl, you must take as an answer to the high praises you bestow on the ornaments of the Castilian bride; and your wishes that you and your sister had some of the same, as being the daughters of an emperor. Emulation of this kind has too often envy for its basis. The Countess Alice is your friend; you can not therefore envy her. There are other things in which the children of great princes should endeavour to excel; to be assiduous in rendering service to every one; to

wipe the tear of affliction from the eye of sorrow, and to protect the unfortunate. I teach you and your sister, by these maxims, the true art of exercising the duties of your situation.

You know Peter Von Kalatin, the handsomest, as well as the most wealthy and volatile knight at our court; he has lately brought here a young lady, the possession of whom he could not have gained by legitimate means. I conjecture that he obtained her by an elopement, notwithstanding neither he nor she will give any satisfactory explanation. She calls herself Alverda de Merode; but I suspect she is of higher birth than she pretends. She is a beautiful and most amiable creature, about your age, my Beatrice, and consequently young enough to suppose that her education has not been so much attended to as yours, which may, in some degree excuse this imprudent step, if it were possible that such conduct could be excused.

So young a beauty as she is, in the power of such a man as Kalatin, excited my attention; I permitted her therefore to come to me, and found her not unworthy my protection. That I may be certain of her being in a place of

safety, I send her to you with some of my people, one of whom is to deliver you this letter; and I desire that you and your sister will shew the kindest attentions to her. Speak to your abbess about her, assure the reverend lady, in my name, of the payment for her reception; introduce her to the friendship of the noble Countess of Toulouse; and do not make use of the money I send for your trifling expences, in attempting to vie with the future queen of Castile in the pomp of dress; but love the new friend whom I recommend to you, and let her feel herself as being under the care of protecting guardians, and that the daughters of the Emperor Philip are her friends.

I think you have a benevolent heart; not that either your words or conduct have given me room to suspect it, and I should be most sorry to think the contrary.

Give my love and maternal blessing to your sister Eliza, and assure her, that our affairs (of which, as being the elder, she is more acquainted with than you) wear a more favourable appearance. The court of Rome seems inclined to be for us—the pope has spoken

advantageously of Philip: and though I do not very much rely on that circumstance, I cannot object to replying to these complaisant words by a letter of thanks; on which account an embassy is to be sent to Rome, wherein the Count Palatine Von Wittelsbach, Kunigund's future husband, is to be included. This will again defer the marriage which has been delayed for so many years. I know not whether I ought to rejoice, or whether I am deceived. It is long since the most injurious designs have been formed to set the Count Palatine against your father, and in the most cruel manner, to fill his mind with very horrid suspicions against him. I have succeeded in regaining his confidence; but in Rome will they not find means to sow discord:—who, alas, can guard us from this evil? O my children! there is an impenetrable web of conspiracies, but the hand who guides the thread is invisible. God grant we may not feel the consequences of the dark work; it would be well both for you and for me, were I still Duchess of Swabia.

Beatrice to the Empress Irene.

1206.

I WILL answer all your questions, my dearest mother, with the most perfect sincerity; and this I can do with the more facility, as I write with the consent, and under the eyes of my sister. I could not say any thing about her without her knowledge; this would be as much against sisterly confidence and affection, as my refusal to obey your commands on this point, would have been contrary to the duty of a child. I have however reconciled these two things, about which I had many internal struggles on reading your letter. I knew she had no secrets for you, and means to write to you herself; but when I declined my right of answering your questions, and would have left that pleasure to herself, she smilingly said, she gave me her permission to say all I knew, "Very well, Eliza, all that I know? I

may know something of you that you little suspect. Shall I now play you a sly trick, and discover all to our excellent mother?"—I know then, in the first place, that, at that assembly at the Prince of Castile's (our going to which we cannot excuse to ourselves, though you are so good as to do so), it would have been better for the Countess of Toulouse that Eliza had not been there: but what could she do? she went at the request of her friend, or as I did, through curiosity. The heart of the intended bride is so cold towards the prince, that she is in no fear of any one prejudicing her with him; and Eliza's opinion of her own charms is so humble that she has not an idea they could hurt any one: but, I fear, they have done no common mischief though without her knowledge. The poor Álice, as good and as handsome as she is, stands but as a foil by the beautiful Eliza; I myself look on her with astonishment, although I am her sister.

The Prince of Castile seemed only to see the friend of his beautiful bride; but whatever were his feelings at those times, I am certain that Eliza has never remarked him, at least her

chaste nun's heart remains cold and indifferent. Once when we were alone, and were talking of him, she praised his fine expressive eyes, and other features in his face, and can you guess the reason? because she found in them a perfect resemblance to Count Otho Von Wittelsbach—Ah! my dear, my dear mother, this is the secret which I have obtained from my sister against her knowledge and consent, which by the permission she gave, is now imparted to you. Were she in the place of Kunigund, she would not, I well know, be so cold to the Count.—I am not surprised at Kunigund's indifference towards him, for I knew while I was yet a child, when I listened often times to many a secret conversation, that the nephew of the present pope had possession of her heart.

You see I must, by the examples of my sisters, profit from the lessons which you give me. Yes, my dear mother, I will command my eyes and my heart, they shall remain torpid until you order me to open them; I will not even think of an Otho, whom with good reason I should be so much pleased with, whom one of my sisters

so much likes, and whom the other ought to love.—When it is time for me to think, my thoughts shall only be of him, of whose name you will not at present inform me, but which I am not very anxious to know, notwithstanding Eliza said, she would have it an Otho, but not the Wittelsbach, my father's opponent.

I cannot say that I rejoice at the idea, if I am destined to be as unhappy in the marriage state as the good Countess Alice, whom most certainly I do not envy for her jewels. I think she seems as indifferent to the prince as he is to her: and that she has now so long been promised, that the affair will never finish.—I am, in the interval, from a child become a young woman, and yet the time has not seemed long to her; which strongly suggests the idea of indifference. She is continually employed in reading particular books, which her brother the Count of Toulouse privately conveys to her; and this is her only passion. I think it would suit her better to be a nun than a queen, yet I never heard any one so vehement against the life of a convent as she is: she indeed entertains opinions very different from those which our preceptor taught us: much however that she says pleases

me infinitely, and I could wish with all my heart that it was true. These things must be in those books. Eliza has read them, and spoke to me of them with ecstasy—she will also let me read them, when I am more steady, and can learn to be silent, as all this requires the most profound secrecy.

We all thank you sincerely for having given us the company of Alverda Merode; happy, indeed, she must be in being thus delivered from Kalatin.—She is already become dear to us, and lives with us as our sister, without the least appearance of distinction, which the nuns, whose duty it is to inspect our conduct, sometimes take an opportunity to remark.—She seems to have more confidence in us than in you, and has promised to impart to us her history, which I shall doubtless hear with pleasure, and shall not fail to make you a partaker. I cannot pretend to understand the intricate affairs of ours and the Roman court, nor would I puzzle my head about them. My sister, who is so busy about her own letter that she will not read mine, can write with more judgment about them.—God protect you, our dear father, and the Count Otho, from all harm, and then all will go well.

The Emperor Philip to the Pope.

THE most proper time for an alienated friend to ask the hand of reconciliation, is that when he feels the disagreeableness of discord, and wishes to forget what has passed.—This time is now come, after having been told that some kind expression had fallen from you on my account;—and I hasten to make my acknowledgments. O, Lothario! were we ever enemies? what, alas, has disunited us?—nought but trifles! then in return it is just that a trifle, a few kind words, should reconcile us.—You may recollect you once said to me “that all important disputes which might arise between us were not our personal affairs, but those of the church and the empire; let us forget them, and again be as old friends.” If we offended you and the holy church at any time, which you yet cannot forget to resent, we are ready to give whatever satisfaction the con-

vention of the primes and the college of cardinals shall prescribe to us. If we have received any offence from you, we renounce all satisfaction, as we know you cannot be judged by worldly judges:—we leave the affair to God and your own conscience.

Full of confidence in the former fraternal love which we swore to each other; and yet more in the parental affection which, as a faithful son of the church, we claim, we expect your determination. You will not at least refuse us a return of your friendship, when you see fresh proofs of our obedience to the orders of the church, and our sincere submission to you.

*The Count Palatine Otto Von Wittelsbach
to Adolf Count Von ***.*

It is now six years since I sent an invitation to you, and you still delay coming :—yet I have received intelligence that you have a long time since quitted your own country (as Count Von Kermen assures me) to come to me.—What can retard your arrival? has any misfortune happened to you; or have you lost all friendship for me? in short, what can be the reason of this long delay? The sorrows which impelled me with so much ardour to see you, are at an end. My good opinion of my future father-in-law is again returned, and whatever appearances may be against him, I cannot think him guilty.—The angel of peace, Irene, is security for him.—When you come, make no further inquiry into what I have entrusted to you.—Philip cannot be guilty.—I will not hear other-

wise. If any thing could make me hate my faithful bishop of Sutri, it would be the obstinacy with which he still persists in his doubts on this subject, and that suspicious silence which he observes when he finds that I will give no credit to his insinuations. Sutri is however an excellent man; and very desirous that you should come here; I have talked about you to him, and have promised to make you acquainted with each other. He knows every thing concerning you but your real name; and on that subject I thought it best to be silent, until I know your inclination; and for this reason I once more request you to take another name in whatever place you are:—you have castles and fortresses enough, from which you may borrow a name without offending truth. —Your heart will also be tempted to have the same confidence in him that I have;—it will then be time enough to discover yourself to him, and that time, I presume, is not far distant. Sutri has the art of stealing the secrets from all hearts. I myself have told him more than I believed I should ever have disclosed to any man; more, perhaps, than I ought; but it

happened under the seal of confession! Good God, I would that all ecclesiastics resembled him;—every one might then, without reserve or apprehension, open their hearts to them.—But I am just come from Rome, and have experienced the difference of others of the same profession. Be particularly attentive, I beseech you, to all these things; they are well worth a very particular attention.

I went to Rome on an embassy from Philip, who wrote with his own hand such a letter to St. Peter's successor, as my discretion would not permit me to have done; it breathed nothing but the strongest affection towards him whom he has every reason to consider with hatred, as well as humble submission to the man, at whom, if he thought as I do, he would hurl defiance; in short, it was from the beginning to the end so extremely flattering, that the veracity of its contents might be doubted: and, perhaps, the mistrust which it excited, was the foundation of that diabolical proceeding of which I was an unwilling witness.

The holy father read Philip's letter with apparent ecstasy: I saw him several times press

bit to his lips, and heard him repeat certain words, which, when my wish is accomplished in seeing you, I will communicate to your confidence; and yet this man permitted proposals to be made me on the same day at which I shuddered. This was not done, it is true, in his name; but how could I deceive myself into an ignorance of their proceeding from him.

Heavens!—that they could dare to propose to Otho Von Wittelsbach, the intended husband of one of the daughters of Philip, the man from whom he is to receive the object of all his wishes; the man to whom he owes the duty of reason; that they could dare, I say, propose to him to become the adversary of this man, to aspire to the crown which he wears, and to undermine the throne which already totters beneath him.—It seems, they do not think Duke Otho possessed of sufficient capacity—or they have been disappointed in their expectations of his character, or wherefore have they abandoned the black design?—I felt myself dishonoured in the bare supposition, that I could be unfaithful to Philip, and answered them accordingly; but a contemptuous smile

was the only return made to my speech on the occasion.—The Count Otho acts very wisely, said the person, with a sarcastic smile, who was charged with this commission to me, to be so faithful to a man who is unfaithful to him : and to offend another, by better language, who seeks his happiness, and has the power to establish it.—He will soon perhaps experience the returns that Philip will make for such an unreflecting sacrifice.

The pope, however, appeared to be in perfect good humour when I took my leave. This letter, which he delivered to me for the emperor, contained, as he was pleased to assure me, all that could contribute to the tranquillity of the empire, as well as the happiness of the emperor, and would at the same time communicate a more particular knowledge of my friend.—This letter replete with so many things of importance, is already delivered to the emperor.—Its contents must certainly be of a very extraordinary nature, as I perceived him frequently to change colour during his perusal of it. Nor was this all, as, from time to time, he turned his eyes towards me with a look of regard mingled with pity,

which, to say the truth, had that effect upon me as to oblige me to quit the room much sooner than I had intended,—it is probable that I may have been calumniated to Philip;—as it is not unusual at Rome to commit such base unmanly actions under the cloak of friendship. Such a conduct, however, would by no means distress me, as I defy the whole conclave to advance any thing to my disadvantage, which has the slightest foundation in truth.—I have not spoken to any one since on the subject; nor indeed have I a wish to unfold my thoughts concerning it. The circumstance, you may be assured, has not made such an impression on my mind, as to induce me to make known any little anxiety or transient mortification I may have felt on the occasion.

To Rome.

1207.

THOSE things which the bishop of Sutri has learned from the Count Palatine Otho, under the seal of confession, are confirmed.—It is certain that there exists, since the time of Charles the Great, a secret tribunal in Germany, where all mortal crimes are discovered and punished. It is astonishing that in such a long succession of years, not one of the many thousands who, some as judges, and others as assessors, composed this private but formidable tribunal, have never divulged, either to confessor or friend, any of those secrets which would have led to the discovery of the whole. The hint which the bishop has had from his penitent is but trifling, but it has served to lead to an explanation of the greatest importance.—The count is

of an inferior class of learned men; and we have many amongst our ecclesiastics who are far superior, and from whom much more may be learned.

In a few days there will appear at the Imperial court, a certain Alf Von Deulmen (his true name has not yet been discovered), who is a particular friend of the count, and, at the same time, enjoys an high place in the secret tribunal. He has by chance fallen in our way; but all the art we could employ (authority we would not use), was not capable of obtaining any other information from him than that, at the great assembly which is to be held at Pamiers there will not only be many of the judges and assistants, but perhaps the chief himself, disguised by assumed names and titles. It is highly necessary, therefore, that all proceedings should be set aside that were intended for the fall of Philip and the destruction of the daring Wittelsbach, and that a person of genius should be sent to Pamiers to make careful inquiry into such things as it may be highly necessary for the church to know. What an advantage for her, particularly in these heretical times, were the race

of insects that infest Piedmont and other places eternally extirpated. If one could snatch the power of this tribunal, and fix it with her; or if, after what we have investigated, this should appear to be impossible, we may institute, in imitation of this worldly tribunal, a spiritual one, whose power, omnipotence, and wonderful government might borrow its image from that of the eternal judge, pervade all secrets, and possess the faculty of drawing forth, from the deepest darkness, all crimes to their due punishment. Our heart beats, our hand trembles as we write this.—Inspiration points out to us the possible means, founded on the projected discovery, to render in future the power and authority of the church unlimited, and to spread her sceptre over the whole universe.

To the Bishop of Castile.

1207.

WE are informed that your king intends, in a short time, to make the necessary preparations in order to send for the future bride of his son from France. Do not fail, I pray you, in being among the number of the ambassadors, and contrive on that occasion to remain some time at Pamiers; as there will be some persons at that place who will have things of consequence to communicate to you; direct your attention in particular to a certain Count Segni, whose real name you possibly may guess. Have you among the middle class of ecclesiastics where you are, a man of sufficient capacity to execute things that one in an higher sphere and more elevated rank dare not do? if you know of such a person, do not fail to bring him with you :

we shall have occasion hereafter for men of that character. Have a watchful eye, I beg of you, over the intended bride of your prince. They say that she has been infected by the pernicious poison of Peter Waldensis, and is even so daring as to introduce the holy books which have been lately translated among the laity : nor is this all ; not merely content to read them alone, she invites others to participate their contents with her. Must then she become Queen of Castile ? there are surely other princesses whose elevation to that high station would more successfully advance the designs which we meditate.

The Empress Irene to her Daughters.

1207.

RETURN, my beloved children, to the house of your father. I require it of you, for many weighty and important reasons.—Your letter, Beatrice, contained things, which fill me with apprehensions, lest the society of the Castilian bride might be dangerous. For this reason alone, I should have immediately recalled you to my arms, where there is no poison of heresy, no licentiousness, to tempt or menace the virtue of young women of your exalted rank: but other occurrences have happened, which make it necessary for me to demand your assistance:—your aid in particular, my dear Eliza, is essential to me.

It is long since I have observed that they envied your father the friendship of Count Otho. I

could, indeed, tell you the horrid methods they contrived to tempt him to forsake his friend; but I will spare your feelings.—Ye are yet so young, that by an early intelligence of the wickedness of mankind, ye might learn to hate a world in which you may yet have a long time to live,—the last methods they took to make the excellent Wittelsbach our enemy, can I, or ought I to withhold from you, when it is as notorious as day, and therefore cannot long remain a secret to any one.

An offer from the pope, in a letter which the guiltless Otho himself was obliged to deliver, invited your father to break the engagement that was made between the count and your sister Kunigund; and to give her the pope's nephew, Count Richard.—It is not possible for you to divine the consequence; and you will scarce believe me, when I tell you that she consented:—good God! in defiance of the boasted German faith, in defiance of the sacred, inviolate, Imperial word, she consented. The pope has made his favour the price of this consent. Come then, my dear child, to appease the fury of the count; come, and save me from despair.

You need ask no questions about your sister Kunigund ; she, with the gayest smiles, consents to gratify the wishes of the pope and her father. Beatrice alone knew the secret, and she kept it in her own breast. Her heart had felt a passion for Richard ; and having no hope of ever obtaining him, she promised herself to the arms of Otho, whom she never really loved. It is shameful and unpardonable to have been thus sporting so long with the happiness of a German. Yet that which grieves me most in this fatal history is the disgrace and shame Kunigund has brought on herself : but I still build on the possibility that we may, notwithstanding, possess the Count Palatine by a new alliance. It is not possible that the haughty, the worthy Otho, can continue his esteem for a person who has acted so dishonourably by him ; more particularly as he has confessed that the first impressions her beauty made on him had been much diminished by a more particular knowledge of her temper, and that he is more sensible of the affront he has received, than vexed at the bride whom he has lost. Nay, that he himself should have been tempted to be the first to break his engagement

if an inviolable observance of his word once given had not prevented him, as he had no reason to expect happiness with a person of her disposition.

I have formed a project on this confession, which you, my girl, must assist me to prosecute. Do not be angry, Eliza, with your sister for having found out your secret. Beatrice has told me that you love the Count Otho: come here then; shew yourself with all your charms, you will captivate his heart, and by your means he will become our son. The emperor, who regrets the loss of Wittelsbach as much as myself, but who thought himself obliged, through policy, to break his word, endeavours by every method to compensate and appease him: Count, said he, I have more daughters.—I am therefore assured of his consent to the design I have unfolded to you.—To say the truth, I have spoken to him about you, and he consents to your return; at the same time he gave me to understand, that he should have destined you at first for Wittelsbach, had he not supposed your inclination for a monastic life was irrecoverably decided. The count

seems to have been of the same opinion : and I could judge from the last conversation I had with him, that the conviction of your having been devoted to heaven, obliged him to withdraw his regard from you and fix it on Kunigund. She is already sent to Rome to meet her intended husband. I request therefore, my dear Eliza, that no unreasonable pride, no unnecessary doubts, prevent you from complying with your duty,—you will restore peace to your mother, and an important friend to your father, in accepting from us the Count Palatine :—and how great will be your happiness to be united to a man whom you already love ; and when he knows you will, I am sure return it with the most tender affection. In regard to you, my Beatrice, I have nothing to say to you. You have prudence and sentiment sufficient to inform you how to conduct yourself towards the man who is destined for you.—Reserve all your glittering charms for the young Duke of Brunswick (though it is an unpleasant thing to give him the title of emperor, which every one does, in defiance of your father). You guessed right—it is for this prince you are designed, and you will

see the advantage this alliance will be to us and the empire: however all this lies in the book of futurity—he is as little acquainted with you as you with him—chance and circumstances must bring you together.

The young Alverda must not come to court with you. I am better pleased that she should remain in the retinue of the Castilian bride, than that she should be immediately under the eyes of Kalatin. I hate this man, more than I should be able to answer at the throne of justice.—To be volatile and extravagant, as all the young men in these days are, is, as far as I know, the whole of which he has hitherto been accused. To be able to judge better of him, I could wish to know something of Alverda's history. Has she not yet imparted any thing to you? if not, take an opportunity to engage her to give it you in writing, and send it to you, as your departure must not be delayed a day.

*Evert Von Remen to Adolf Count Von ***.*

1205.

MANY months are elapsed since you quitted your country and me; and during this time I have sent a succession of couriers to discover where you are, and, if possible, to bring you back.—Not one of them can trace your path, and I have too much reason to apprehend that the conjectures which tormented me more at your last departure, than at any of your former excursions, have been unfortunately verified.

Alas! my voice can no more persuade you to return from the brink of the abyss on which you are standing;—but it is a relief to me to commit to paper the sufferings of my heart, and to hope there may be a possibility that this paper may by some means or other at length reach

you: it is some alleviation to my misery at the moment that I have lost all which was dear to me.

The Count Von Wittelsbach will forward this letter for me. Misfortune makes me seek the confidence of strangers. I know this man but from report—but I read his name on a part of a torn letter I found in your solitary castle. I concluded that you must know him, as you have been of late years connected with so many incomprehensible persons, whom you never saw before, and I resolved to write to him to inquire about you. I received an answer from him, but it afforded me not the smallest consolation. By his letter he seemed to know you as well, and to love you as much as I do: he seemed to be very much interested in your welfare, and to know as little as myself what was become of you.

He acknowledged to me, that he was the cause of your departure; and that for some years he had requested you to assume a feigned name; but I cannot say that he endeared himself to me by such a proceeding. He left me in doubt concerning the reason of your journey:

—he wished, he said, to make you known to a friend of his, who is a bishop.—Nor am I thankful to him for this. Your acquaintance with so many foreigners has alienated you from your own family; and the honour of being known to the churchmen of our days, is often attended with inconvenience to such inconsiderate men as you. I have, indeed, every reason to be displeased with my new correspondent, who endeavours to alleviate my suffering by desiring me to write to you, with the promise of conveying you my letter; although, as he at first said, he is not certain it will reach your hands. I have, however, accepted of his offer, although I have nothing to commit to paper but reiterated complaints. Oh! thou, among all mankind, dearest to my heart, were I to breathe forth all my complaints of and about thee, where, where should I begin? not at that cruel moment when you tore yourself from my arms, and in a harsh tone declared that you must be gone—no—my affliction begins much sooner——

We were brought up together, fortune seemed to destine that we should walk the same path:

your father, like mine, was a valiant knight of the ancient Westphalian nobility, but was not so fortunate as to possess the wealth of Conrad Von Remen, his friend. Your father at that time struggled with some internal grief, which preyed on his health, and soon after brought him to the grave. A short time before his death, when we were both standing by his bedside dissolved in tears, he desired me to retire, and detained you;—what he said to you at that moment, I know not; but I never saw a man agitated in so extraordinary a manner as you were after that last interview.

It was not only grief for him who was then sunk in eternal sleep—there was yet something more. For some days you seemed lost in thought, and you had scarce interred his remains when you declared you would stay here no longer; that you were under the necessity of departing, to put in execution some plans, the consequences of which, perhaps, we should soon see. Having entrusted your sister, then a child of ten years of age, to the care of my parents,—you departed,—one might almost say you flew, without informing any one where

you were gone. The mysteriousness of your conduct was the first breach of that fraternal conduct which had subsisted between us ; and I too sincerely felt it. Having been accustomed to your constant unreserve and confidence, I was the more sensible of it, as most generally happens to those sufferings to which time alone can habituate us. It was not long ere you returned with the title of Count Von ***, as being descended from that house ; and that you were heir to the great possessions which were united to this great name ; and no one doubted the truth of this circumstance by the facility with which you obtained them. Your right remained undisturbed ; and it was supposed that you were protected by a certain power which no one dared to oppose. Who or what this power was, no one knew ; but it was naturally supposed to be the emperor ; though it was evident you never went to court, and that you had never quitted your native country, but at the different times of your absence, when no one knew whither you went.

From that time I date the total change in your temper :—not in regard to your virtues,

for they forsook you not.—You were as good and as upright as ever, but you had lost that gaiety, and that candour, which in a young man of twenty, as you then were, generally accompanies an honest and good heart:—you became gloomy, was ever absent in society, and your love for solitude was insurmountable: you were always occupied, and no one knew what it was that employed you. You were frequently absent, and no one knew where you were gone; while you formed acquaintance with a variety of people, who were unknown to every one besides yourself, both as to their names and the places from whence they came. Strangers of all kinds were perpetually seen going to and returning from you, and every one was ignorant of their business. Pardon me, Adolf, if I say, that I should have suspected you of transactions unworthy of you had it not been known that men of rank and virtue respected you, with whom I had never before heard that you had the least acquaintance. I have seen emissaries from the Duke of Saxony with you; and a petition of one of our friends was granted by the Duke of Brunswick on your

taking a journey to make the request ; so that a word from you gave liberty to an innocent person who had fallen into the hands of justice. —You seemed to be a man in power,—but from whence that power and authority proceeded, we were all of us ignorant. You had neither rank in the army nor in the government, you did not aspire to the favour of the prince, but lived retired, and were displeased if any one formed conjectures concerning you.

But I shall now proceed to review the events of succeeding years, which have ever appeared as so many enigmas that I could not unfold. Let me ask you, (the last, and the foundation, of all my complaints) what induced you (now eight months since) to snatch your sister so suddenly from the house of my parents, when you well knew she was every thing to me ; to take her back to your own habitation, where it could do her no honour to live among strangers, with whom it was continually filled?—what induced you, some days after this unprecedented step, to declare your intention of travelling ; and, as you acknowledged, for a very uncertain period, of which you yourself appeared to be

ignorant?—wherefore you proposed to assume another name, and fixed on that of Alf Von Deulmen? you must be sensible with what anxious sincerity I opposed these schemes, nor can you forget the answer I received. You departed in defiance of all the admonitions and advice of your friend—and now learn the consequences of your journey.

The bishop of Bremen, who had long cast an avaricious eye towards your estates in Austria, as soon as your absence was no longer a secret, availed himself of it to take possession of them. I contrived, however, to be there before him, and the success with which I prevented this evil was soon followed by another misfortune which happened to your castle during my absence. Your sister, who was not so secure in a solitary castle, abandoned by its master, as under the protection of my mother, was taken away from thence by that Peter Kalatin, whom you permitted to be so constantly with you, notwithstanding all my remonstrances concerning the danger of such a companion. I immediately set out in pursuit of them, but a fall from my horse prevented my proceeding, and

obliged me to keep my bed for several weeks : and I only recover from this misfortune to be continually oppressed with that weight of anguish on my mind, which naturally arose from the distracting thought, that I am irretrievably deprived of you and my Alverda ; having, during my confinement, lost the traces whereby I might have found the treasure of which I have been robbed : I can neither find you either by the name of Alf Von Deulmen, or your real one ; and my last hopes are founded on the Count Von Wittelsbach ; some of whose torn letters, as I have already said, I found in your cabinet.

O, Alf Von Deulmen ! (this name is most compatible now for one who is so entirely become a stranger to me) how am I to solve these enigmas ?—must I imagine that you and Alverda have thus willingly abandoned me, and that I am destined never more to hear of you ?—if so—farewell, my happy native country !—nothing now is left to attach me to you ; the last and most sacred bond is this night unloosed. My mother, who since the loss of Alverda had never recovered her grief, is no more ; I am now become a

stranger in the world ; alas, I have not a friend left, and this place shall no longer be my home, if any length of time should elapse ere I have some intelligence of you and Alverda. Should I long remain ignorant of your fates, I will sell my estates, take the cross, and direct my wanderings to visit the holy tomb : not for a month or a year—no,—but for the time that remains of my miserable life. Others carry with them to that sacred place the weight of their sins,—but I drag there the heavy burden of my sorrows, in hopes of mitigating, if possible, the sufferings of a breaking heart.

The Count Segni to the Bishop of Sutri.

1207.

We have great reason to thank you for your fidelity in mentioning certain things which may be of great use to us, by affording an opportunity of searching deeper into those matters which are not altogether unveiled to us : at the same time it is not necessary for you to suppose that you have done any thing extraordinary in being the first to direct our attentions to that power which governs throughout Germany with such wonderful secresy : we have already perceived the proceedings of it, and it may, perhaps, be in our power to occasion a total dismemberment of it.

The history of the times of Charles the Great is replete with events which are incomprehensible even to ourselves : crimes that were veiled in the deepest night, were, by means

wholly undiscoverable, brought to light: guilty persons, though had they been acquitted before the judges of all other tribunals, could not escape the secret avenger, whose bloody footsteps were not to be discerned by any eye. But while immediate punishment followed these irremissible crimes, injured innocence (by the same imperceptible means) was justified, violence was suppressed, and usurped property restored to its rightful owner. These and many other things of a similar nature, we perceived and felt; wherefore is it then that you boast with so much arrogance of having given us the first insight into them, and on that account enlarge your indiscreet demands?—Had not our eyes been satisfied that these things existed, of which you idly imagine yourself the first discoverer, the adventures of the Count Adolf, which happened so exactly in our time, that what we ourselves saw could not be denied; and blind must they be, who could not have discovered that secret power whose influence has been so universal, and appears to have extended itself almost beyond every possible effort of human dominion. Weak must

have been our understanding, had it not occurred to us, that this power might be of very fatal consequence to the holy see, as, indeed, it has already become in some degree by the adventure of Count Adolf: deliberate on these circumstances, of which you have yourself been, in some measure, a witness.

The bishops of Bremen and Munster, with some other lords, had established themselves in the possessions which had belonged to the father of Count Adolf, who could never obtain justice at any ordinary tribunal, and was therefore obliged to live as a private nobleman, in the place where he had formerly governed. At length he died, and, as it were in a moment, we see his son appear with the name of his ancestors, his property restored to him without the assistance of the sword, and the powerful prince who had shut his ears to the entreaties of the father, is now interested for the son: they would in many places have opposed his increasing wealth,—but his enemies were frustrated, universal terror seized them,—Count Adolf became still more exalted, and will perhaps soar higher, if he is not——

Yes these affairs, which however do not concern the subject of our present consideration, we think it necessary, as we have once touched on the subject of the count, to say something farther about him. You mentioned, in one of your private letters, a friend of Otho Von Wittelsbach, in Westphalia, to whom he has, at your desire, given an invitation.—Other letters inform us, he is called Alf Von Deulmen, and that in a short time he proposes going to the Imperial court : it is therefore of consequence to us to know whether this Alf Von Deulmen and Count Adolf be one and the same person : though we already suppose that to be fact. We have caused the Count Adolf to be hurried from his own country, and through the negligence of our agents, they missed the road he took ; yet we think we have him in our hands under the name of Alf Von Deulmen. The kind of people with whom he associates are inscrutable ; and with all our art and power we have not been able to extract from him what is necessary for us to know. Should you be more fortunate, you will then deserve what you think you have

already merited. Use all your diligence, employ all your penetration, and exert all your sagacity to make the discovery, and you may be assured that the cardinal's hat shall be your reward,

The Count Segni to the Bishop of Castile.

1207.

WE are now both at Pamiers, but prudence forbids our having any communication with each other; what is necessary therefore for us to know, we must trust either to the pen, or the young Dominic Gergman; and we prefer the former to the latter. That young man possesses too much virtue and enthusiasm, so that I am not contented with him as I could wish, nor place that confidence in him which is necessary to our purpose. We must avail ourselves of his ardent zeal for truth, and awaken his ambition, but without exposing to him the whole of our object. Blessed be the journey to Pamiers:—it has been of the utmost advantage to us; and we see ourselves in a situation on which we may build what Pope Lucius had already in part begun. As the Chris-

tian hero so long lived under the private sceptre * of an unknown secular judge, you must now exert yourself for a spiritual private tribunal, by which the earth shall be purged of the abominable vermin of heresy, and purify the gold of faith by the fire of slaughter: but we must first explore the secret retreat in which these enemies lie concealed.

The petition of young Dominic for the foundation of a new order, we can no more refuse than that of the pious John Bernard: he wished to institute the Dominican order for the conversion of heretics, and sends, as the other did, his pupils as missionaries all over the world, to make them submit to the true faith. These people will be, as it were, our eyes and ears, who will assist us to obtain that omniscience, of which the formidable judge, by means of the innumerable members of his tribunal, makes so proud a boast. We have now a perfect knowledge of them, and choose them as models for all that is good. It would be disgraceful in-

* At this time the Inquisition, and the foundations of the Dominicans and Franciscans were instituted.

deed for us to choose laymen as examples in such a glorious, such an universally necessary work. But we hope, when once we have succeeded in making the copy surpass the original, that we shall gain the prize before them.—But let us not by the attainment of this great design, neglect or contemn another circumstance of great importance. Policy requires that we should not forget our just complaints against the Emperor Philip. Otho Von Wittelsbach has almost an equal share of our hatred;—that rash man, who, by an imperious letter has thus provoked us; to them is joined a third, Count Adolf Von ***, who having unjustly usurped ecclesiastical property, we most justly hate. The bishop of Sutri has, at last, by his indefatigable perquisitions, discovered that it is he who wanders about the world under the name of Alf Von Deulmen, and assures us that, according to our orders, Peter Von Kalatin has been driven from his asylum.—Oh! that we could assemble these three in one spot, and by the same blow destroy them all! oh, that we could make them fall by each others hands! It is but just that one impious atheist should be the executioner of

another, and that the hands of a saint should not be polluted by their blood!

It seems a thing impossible to disunite this Otho Von Wittelsbach from Philip:—his fidelity to him is as firm as a rock; he suffers through affection for him, what yet a German never suffered, a broken promise and a gross affront. Otho, however, may bear the loss of Kunigund with philosophy, when the beautiful Eliza can indemnify him.—Oh that this new alliance may be broken, with which Philip seeks to bind him! Eliza is more qualified to be Queen of Castile than the Countess of Toulouse, who is an adherent of the infamous Waldern, and a reader of forbidden books; a future corruptress of the true faith; which, thanks to God and your prudence, has, till the present moment, reigned most gloriously in the dominions and court of your sovereign.

*One unknown, or the Representative of the
Duke of Saxony, to Alf Von Deulmen.*

1207.

WITH the assumed name under which I address you, I am informed that you have quitted your country ; and I think it my duty to remonstrate with you on your extraordinary conduct. You know that, according to the laws to which you have sworn, you are not permitted to quit your usual residence without my knowledge ; and much less to change your name, unless it concerns the grand alliance. You have been seen at Pamiers, and I wish to know the nature of that business, which carried you where you were not required ? and to a place where I myself did not wish to go ? I there had the good fortune to obtain the acquaintance of a Count Segni, at an hunting party, who has

gained my whole heart ; for besides other motives to my regard, I owe him my life, which was on the occasion put to great hazard, and he was at that moment incessantly occupied about me. Never did I before see a man of such prepossessing manners. His heart and his head are, in my opinion, equally excellent ; and I was already devising methods to gain him to our alliance, when he appeared to make himself known as one of us ; and seemed, by what he knows, to hold a high office in the invisible government. I did not, indeed, know him.—But how was it possible that I should know all the links of that infinite chain.—I have however confided in him, and must now continue to do it.

We talked much about the interview of the grand alliance : alas, I tremble at the subject of our conversation, as by some circumstances I fear that I have been deceived ; and have not only conversed with some profane person, but have said things that should have eternally remained in silence.—Thus it appears that we have a traitor amongst us, from whom he has learned, not only my real name, but how to insinuate him-

self into my confidence, in a manner I could neither have apprehended or avoided.

Woe be to you, Alf Von Deulmen, if you are that traitor; should you have proved false, I call down threefold misfortune on you, and summon you to answer on that day, when, as you may guess, you will be numbered amongst the initial characters:—on that day, justice will be denounced against the Emperor Philip, and many unheard of crimes which have reached my ears. Inform Otho Von Wittelsbach of that which he ought to know, but bury the rest in silence.

*Alf Von Deulmen to the unknown, or
Representative, &c.*

1207.

I AM very glad you have learned, by your own example, that the greatest stretch of human prudence may be over-reached by deceit—I am no traitor, and shall not fail to answer any charge against me at the proper place.

You write to me in a style such as our chief, Duke Bernard, would not have employed. Woe be to the affairs of justice, that illness prevents his attendance at Pamiers, and that he unfortunately has made you his representative.—He would not have been deceived by the smooth tongue of the Count Segni. Yet what am I saying? am not I also perhaps deceived? I have left my own country, changed my name, and came to Pamiers, from no other motive but the

supreme command which Peter Von Kalatin himself brought me.—If I also am deceived, it is to him the deceit must be attributed.—I shall not fail to appear on the appointed day ; different explications will unveil the mystery, and then let justice perform its office, and punish its actions. I know what I have sworn ; and my arm is prepared to avenge the accusation. For I acknowledge no superior but God and justice.

Alverda to the Empress.

1207.

Yes, my Empress, I well know that to you is due the history of my life, which is scarce begun. The favours which you have bestowed on me, the protection which you have vouchsafed me, and which I so much needed, renders sincerity a duty for me : it may be also necessary that, in justification of my own honour, I should speak, when silence might create a suspicion of me.

In a small but not inelegant house, situated in a country, the name of which I dare not mention, as it would be a violation of my oath, I passed the first years of my life.—All that surrounded me, testified rather a state of mediocrity than luxury, and told me what my father often assured me, that I was the daughter of a family by no means opulent; and that my

future prospects of happiness were grounded on virtue and an uniform conduct. I asked, when I was capable of reflecting on what was so often repeated to me, what virtue was; and my father took me to the house of a neighbouring lady of family, who, he assured me, would better answer my questions than any other. She is virtue's visible form itself, said he, seek to imitate her, and then you will be virtuous. I threw myself in the arms of the Lady Von Remen, for so was she called, and requested she would instantly teach me how I might resemble her, and be as perfectly amiable as she herself was;—for by imitating her, my father had assured me, I should find happiness.—Tears stood in this excellent lady's eyes at my childish prattle; perhaps the unexpected flattery which I had uttered pleased her; or the manner in which I joined virtue and happiness, brought to her mind the experience of a different union. I had indeed known this lady long before: she had been the intimate friend of my mother; and when I lost that tender parent, had undertaken the care of me: for my mother had entreated her friend to supply

her loss, as much as was in her power, to the husband and children she left behind. From that time I had been often with her, and now when my father so earnestly recommended me to her, I scarce ever left her.

I had yet a brother, who was a few years older than myself. He sometimes condescended, when I was at home, to join in my amusements, a pleasure which I now seldom enjoyed.—Yet what I lost in him, was supplied by the son of my second mother, the young Evert Von Remen.—He was more assiduous, as well as more pleasing in his manners, than my brother, and, indeed, was superior to him both in person and temper. My brother was a wild noisy youth; while Evert was tender, obliging, and gentle, like his mother.

Some years, which were the happiest of my life, passed in this manner; sometimes with the lady, whom I am accustomed to call my mother, and sometimes with my father. At times, to please the impetuous Adolf, I employed myself beside him; at others, I played with my young friend, or vexed him by little childish wanton-

ness; for young as I was, I had discovered that I could do with him what I pleased; a circumstance which greatly flattered me.

Evert was the only one amongst the young people with whom I associated who permitted himself to be guided by me, and the first who, sometimes with little flattering speeches, sometimes by the unlimited complaisance with which he accommodated himself to all my humours, made me feel my consequence. I had just attained my tenth year, when it was my misfortune to lose my father. My second mother, her son, my brother, and myself, surrounded his death-bed, to receive his last commands.—Al-verda, said he, I am going to quit you: but you lose little in losing me, when I leave you with such a mother as the good Lady Von Remen: I hope you will one day become really her daughter; but in what manner that must happen, she and your friend Von Remen will inform you when you are older; embrace each other, my children, and may you be happy, when stronger bonds unite you.

Evert, who, I suppose, understood the meaning of these words better than I, immediately

kissed me, and increased my tears. I endeavoured to throw myself on the bed by my father, and to seize his chilly hand; but he desired I might be taken away. She renders death more painful to me, said he—before I sink into eternity, I have a few words to say to my son in private.

I accompanied my second mother to her castle, and did not see my father again till the day of his interment. My brother never gave me so much pain as in his grief; the affectionate marks of sorrow, the genuine tears of grief entirely failed him, his conduct was neither melancholy or sad, but was despair.—He threw himself from time to time on the body of my father, which they were going to remove; then springing from thence, would clasp his hands and say, Oh! why did these eyes so untimely close!—Oh! why, why did they not see better days!—Alas! those lips have too late informed me where I should find happiness, when now my best friend cannot enjoy it with me.—No one could comprehend his meaning in these words; but in the sequel we often repeated them, and they were the source of a thousand sur-

mises to us, concerning my father, who was just gone to his eternal home.

One day had elapsed after his funeral, when my brother informed us that it was necessary for him to take a journey, the end and consequences of which he could not yet foresee.—Let what would happen, he was determined to put it in execution. Be the prospect I have in view fortunate or otherwise, said he to the Lady Von Remen, I recommend my sister to your maternal care ; permit her to remain with you, permit her to enjoy your society, and benefit by your instructions, until my destiny is unveiled to me.

The Lady Von Remen accordingly took me to her castle ; and impetuous Adolf departed. While I remained with her I was considered as a child of the family, and I forgot to measure the time of my brother's absence.—Thus it was that my tears for my father were soon dried, and my grief entirely dispelled. But a new cause for sorrow now arose :—Evert's father, the bosom friend of mine, died, and it was grief for his friend's death, I believe, that so soon caused his own.

In my young friend I saw that kind of grief

which corresponded with my feelings, and was so much wanting in my brother.—Evert was tender and moderate, and manifested how deeply he felt the loss of his father, but not with Adolf's violent impetuosity :—we wept together ;—we walked, arm in arm, to the tomb of the deceased ;—we talked of him, and felt our mutual inclination strengthen by the harmony of our sensibility. I believe I then first felt that Evert Von Remen was more dear to me than any other person in the world. We became more attached by the melancholy events of our life : they had given me more solidity, and rendered me less capricious ; and he was, if possible, more tender and amiable than before.

My brother returned ; but who could have foretold the manner in which he returned.—Fortune had now raised him from a simple knight to a great lord, and from a poor nobleman to the possession of great domains.—Our ancestors, it was well known, had claims to them ; my father had in vain employed his life to regain them ; and who gave Adolf the necessary assistance in acquiring the long lost wealth, no one could conceive.

I looked on my friend as the confidant of

my brother, and interrogated him about these affairs,—but he shrugged his shoulders, and was silent. With all my ignorance respecting your good fortune, said he, at last I could wish, for my own satisfaction, to be certain of what will be the consequence. What do you mean, Von Remen, returned I? Will the Countess Alverda, said he, still retain the same sentiments for me with which she has honoured me in her more humble situation? I will always be your friend, said I. Always my friend,—and nothing more? cried he: —O Alverda! your understanding surpasses your years, you must know that I flattered myself with more tender sensations in you. I blushed; and promised him, as a proof how much I esteemed him, to avoid all society but his, and never to visit my brother at his castle, unless he was entirely free from company. What I then promised, I held sacred for a long time. Once, however, when I imagined my brother was quite alone, I found with him a young lord of the Imperial court: it was Peter Von Kalatin. And you, my empress, who know him, will judge whether he succeeded in gaining my attachment. At first I staid out of regard to my brother,

and the apprehension that by a sudden removal I should offend against the rules of civility ; at length, however, it was this man's conversation that detained me. If Kalatin had formed a design to prevent my going, he could not have chosen a more pleasing subject to allure me. He talked of your majesty and your charming daughters : the true sketches in which he delineated your portrait, my discretion and respect forbid my making a circumstantial detail ; but how much the original surpasses the picture, my imagination had not then formed any idea : yet such were its attractions, that they excited in me an ardent desire for a personal knowledge of you. Wholly occupied about you, I returned to the Lady Von Remen, and disclosed to her all my wishes. My child, said she, your wishes are not unreasonable ; and your rank particularly requires you should be placed at court : have patience yet a few years, and I will conduct you myself where your heart so much longs to be. The years which my son must dedicate to the exercises of chivalry, you cannot pass better than in that school of virtue which surrounds the throne of the Empress Irene. These years passed on. The

desire to hear of you and the princesses, made me often go to my brother's when I knew Kalatin was there. Evert, who did not at all approve of these visits, was always vexed, and sometimes displeased at it. He would frequently observe, that the commendations bestowed on those Imperial ladies would soon be exchanged into flattering praises of the handsome Kalatin, and she must be more than woman, if she would not prefer hearing the latter to the former. The apprehensions of my friend were verified. I was not displeased when Kalatin assured me, that it would not be long ere I should hold a place among the number of the most beautiful women in the world, to which I had already a most distinguished claim. His flattery was always sweet, and pleased so much the more as Evert Von Remen, by his growing discontent, often made me unpleasant reproaches, and frequently repeated, that as my father's promise destined me for him, my duty forbade my having either eyes or ears for any one else but himself. I was so foolish as to complain to my brother—Kalatin was informed of it; and in consequence turned my poor friend into such

unmerciful ridicule, that he soon yielded, in my opinion, to the object of his jealousy. Kalatin was good humoured, and Evert, with all his profound sense, became so intractable by our repeated disagreements, that as a young girl of twelve or thirteen years old, it was not surprising that I should find the former far more amiable than the latter. My brother still truly loved Evert; but Kalatin had the art of diverting him with his satirical conversation: and, though I knew not why, that mutual confidence they formerly had in each other subsisted no longer between Adolf and Evert.

Evert Von Remen was extremely hurt at this unexpected change; and, on inquiring into the cause of it, expressed himself in a manner which gave his secret enemy, Kalatin, an advantage over him, of which he artfully availed himself to seduce his friend's attachment from him, as well as to alienate the heart of his beloved Alverda.

Evert, my brother, and myself now lived in a kind of misunderstanding, which our common friend and mother, the Lady Von Remen, endeavoured to prevent; but in spite of her endeavours it became incurable. Kalatin and my bro-

ther had frequent private conferences together, which as they pretended were generally on matters of trivial importance. I once, however, surprised the latter in the act of contemplating the picture of a very handsome person, and which, as I afterwards learned, he had got from Kalatin; though he appeared at first to be alarmed at the circumstance, he at length let me admire it, kiss it, and read the name of one I have since so often repeated with the highest sensation of affection; and which I would now mention, had I not most solemnly engaged to be silent respecting it and various other matters entrusted to me. My brother most attentively watched the delight with which I meditated on the picture of this terrestrial angel.—There was something more than beauty in the countenance before me: for I have seen many as beautiful as the original of this portrait; but none in which was painted such an angelic character. Never did features more eloquently express the wish to leave our abode of pain and evil for a more happy and better world.

I must see her, cried my brother, on observing my transport; I must be personally acquainted

with her; and you must open the path for me. A particular order will soon oblige me to depart from hence; prepare yourself, therefore, to follow me. Kalatin will, in a few days after I am gone, come to fetch you, and conduct you where you may render me the most important service: but this journey must be an inviolable secret; you must neither acquaint the Lady Von Remen nor her son of it:—to facilitate the means, I will take you from her house, and bring you to mine,—as occasion requires we will furnish the rest; but forget not that wherever you go our name must be concealed: the nature of my business particularly requires the exercise of this discretion.

I felt great reluctance at separating myself from my benefactress and friend. I thought it not only imprudent, but indecent, to quit my native country with a man who was unknown, and thereby risk the loss of my honour and reputation. But my brother would have it so, and I obeyed:—it was not affection alone which bound me to him, but a certain kind of fear and awe.—Since my father's death, he had supplied his place; and I held it as a kind of trea-

son to shew any kind of perverseness to his will. What he had determined was put in execution. Soon after I had exchanged the Lady Von Remen's house for his, he set out on his journey, and I made all necessary preparations to follow him as soon as Kalatin should, in his name, arrive to take me away. Gracious God! with what grief I reflect on the evening before I took this rash and imprudent step;—I passed it with the Lady Von Remen. Her son, for whom I felt my former sentiments revive, for whom a secret compassion arose, on account of the sorrow he would feel, not only for my absence, but the inexplicable manner in which I took my departure;—her son—her generous son, who was so entirely devoted to serve us, was this day gone to the bishop of Bremen, whose people had taken possession of a distant part of the territory belonging to my brother. Our parting had been in kindness; and the conversation I had with his mother after his departure was full of tenderness. A thousand times she called me her daughter, her only comfort in the absence of her son; and made me promise, that while my brother was away, I would not quit

her, or, at least, that I would see her every day, as she could not live without me.—Ought I then to have deceived this estimable woman; ought I to have abandoned her, and thereby have planted daggers in her heart? I am ignorant how she supported my elopement, I am ignorant how Evert felt on the strange occasion;—but I tremble when I think on these beloved, these most virtuous and amiable persons.—Alas, they will think me an offender; and God knows, if I could impart to them the testimony of my innocence, which I now repose in the hands of my empress; for I was most solemnly bound never more to return home without the consent of my brother.—When I was last with Lady Von Remen, my lips were then sealed by this oath: I was again and again on the moment of discovering to her that I was obliged to leave her; but the recollection of what I had sworn came across me, and I was silent.

Kalatin, who was authorized by a written permission of my brother, came that night for me; and I was under the necessity of trusting myself to his guidance and protection. He attended so little to any thing I said of removing

the suspicion of our departure, that every body must have imagined it a private flight;—as yet, however, I had not the least apprehension that my conductor had other views besides the order of my brother for carrying me away. Even when his conversation afterwards turned upon love, I was so innocent as to look on his tender declamation as gallant nonsense, with which the Lady Von Remen had frequently told me it was customary for young men to entertain young women. An higher power, which I could not foresee, was pleased to interpose in my protection, and to open my eyes on my extraordinary situation. It was not to be doubted that Kalatin loved me; and Heaven knows where he would have taken me, had not an accident obliged him to conduct me to the residence of your Imperial majesty. A fall from my horse rendered the assistance of a surgeon necessary. Kalatin was very careful of me, and too anxious for my recovery not to take all proper precautions to promote it. He probably thought that he could not remain in the capital, as he was seen and known, and his rank of marshall of the empire would oblige him, when once his return

was no longer concealed, to make his appearance at court. This was the way by which I became known to the most noble of princesses. Your gracious majesty no sooner heard that Kalatin had brought a foreign young lady, than you became solicitous about me, and graciously sent proper persons to wait upon and take care of me during my illness ; and when I was recovered, you granted me your countenance and protection. That this protection was necessary to me against Kalatin, I first learned on that day that I received your invitation to be one of your household : he then held a conversation which, I must own, began to awaken those suspicions to which I had yet been a stranger, and my brother was the subject of our discourse. It was now so long since I had seen this only and beloved relation, that I naturally experienced a very painful solicitude concerning him. Would that Count Adolf were worthy this tender attachment of the most excellent and sincere of hearts, said the deceitful Kalatin. What do you mean by this most extraordinary wish, demanded I, almost petrified with astonishment, do you know any thing to the

disadvantage of my brother? To his disadvantage, replied Kalatin, I certainly do not:—but he is composed of an infinity of enigmas which are not to be made out; and it is very wonderful, that the sensible and penetrating Alverda has not long ago made this discovery. —If you allude, said I, to his journey, his society, and his occupations, Evert Von Remen has already mentioned them to his mother and me, as being accompanied with circumstances of a most singular and extraordinary nature. —If indeed, said Kalatin sarcastically, these things could enter into the brain of the weak head of Evert Von Remen, Count Adolf's guilt must be manifest as the light of the sun.—To what guilt do the words of Kalatin bear allusion?—For once, he replied, I will speak to you without reserve:—know then that Count Adolf is become a member of a strange secret association, who call themselves the Judges of God;—but in reality are no other than a band of executioners, who, under the cloak of justice, permit the greatest outrages against humanity. —Father—mother—brother—sister, no connection, no name is sacred to them.—God preserve

me, cried I, Kalatin, what is it that you say!— He now perceived, from the tone of my voice, and the distraction of my looks, that he had been indiscreet in the use of such violent expressions, and that it would be prudent in some measure to retract them. He therefore contented himself with the assurance, that the sole view and design of his conversation was merely to warn me against putting any confidence in my brother, and to convince me, that I should do better to trust him, and yield myself to his guidance and direction. Besides, added he, Adolf has ordered you to be conveyed to a place, which it is in every respect improper for a young lady of condition to visit, and that it becomes a duty in you to avoid a situation of so dubious a nature, as might not only incur censure, but bring on actual dishonour: reflect, added he, when I tell you that you will be compelled to form an intrigue with one who, of all other women does not exist for him. The lady who is the object of Adolf's adoration resides in a convent, and is affianced to another: but this is not all; she is so infected by the detestable poison of heresy, that in a short time she will be seized,

and the curse and excommunication of the church be decreed against her.

I was astonished at these things which he obliged me to hear; and they would not have failed of producing some of the desired effects on my mind, had not you, most generous empress, by your friendly cautions and condescending counsels, given me good reason to suspect the honour of Kalatin's designs.—A formal confession of his ardent passion, which closed the conversation, completed my suspicions, and I retired without returning him a word of reply. I then waited for the morning, when with great impatience, without speaking to him, I waited upon you to be invested with the rank of one of your ladies, according to your gracious promise. You kindly yielded to my solicitation, but the honour of belonging to your household did not protect me from Kalatin's persecutions. Too weak to oppose the resolution I had irrevocably made, or to snatch me from your protection; and too artful to intimate a wish of that nature, he omitted no opportunity of repeating to me his hateful passion, of calumniating my brother, and forming new

plans of future happiness. With such conversations did he frequently perplex me : but your majesty saw my affliction ere I could make my complaints, and from your goodness I received an unexpected, but parental order to repair to a convent at Lyons, where the princesses resided : this regulation was more particularly agreeable to me, as I had not lost sight of that project for which I had quitted my brother and country, notwithstanding the feigned objections of Kalatin. The lady who my brother adored I did not find at your court, but I might be more fortunate at the convent for which I was destined, and I burned with desire to know this angel ; and to convince myself whether it was as Kalatin said, that I should never succeed in gaining her for my brother.

With the sincerest gratitude I return you my thanks, most excellent empress, for having placed me in an abode where I have found so much happiness. I have there become acquainted with the best of princesses, and for whose sake alone I abandon my native country. There is some truth in what Kalatin told me ; but if my brother cannot be so happy

as to possess this angelic person, I shall at least have the satisfaction of acquiring her friendship: but I shall not acquaint her of his rash hopes, lest it may turn her heart from me. I followed your majesty's advice of augmenting the suite of the Countess of Toulouse;—so God knows when I shall be able to return to my own country, from whence I was so unnecessarily allured: and since the departure of the princesses, your daughters, nothing remains to attach me to this convent.

To-morrow at sun rise, the lady to whose court I now belong, and who honours me with the title of Friend, sets out with her whole retinue on her way to Pamiers, and I am to accompany her. The ambassadors from Castile are already arrived to conduct her to her bridegroom. At the same time, I cannot but express my concern that I am to go from hence ere I have heard from my brother. How great will his anxiety be, when he does not find me where he left such particular directions for me to wait for him. I hope some fortunate chance will conduct him to your throne, and may your majesty's influence over him be sufficient to

draw from his tortured bosom, those gnawing secrets which seem to prey upon his heart, and thereby assuage the grief with which they appear to overwhelm him.

Beatrice to Alverda.

1207.

THANKS to you, my kind friend, for the history which you have disclosed with so much candour—it perfectly justifies you in the opinion of every body, and entirely effaces the idea of your having been guilty of an elopement, which in the eyes of my mother carried an unfavourable appearance. The empress thinks your adventures very extraordinary; and she pities you most sincerely, as being in the power of a brother, and dependant on those caprices which do not excite, in her mind, a very favourable opinion of him. My idea, however, of the whole affair, as well as of him, differ in some degree from the judgment my mother pronounces on them: but the opinions of young people are subject to the charge of

varying from those of greater age and experience. Instead of hating your brother, or even entertaining any prejudice against him, I esteem and admire him.—There is something great in the incomprehensibility which distinguishes his character; the concealment of yours and his name, give scope for my imagination to work on, and excites my curiosity:—in short, his mysterious conduct, and the unveiled circumstances of his life, allow me to form what opinion I choose of him; and interests me more than if I was told that he was one of the first princes of the universe; and particularly as he is one of that awful and secret body, the members of which take upon themselves the awful title of the Judges of God. I do not credit the ill report Kalatin makes of those persons: Nor do I agree with him, that all secret actions must proceed from motives of injustice.

My sister Eliza rallies me, and says, that since your last letter I can think and talk of nothing but the incomprehensible Count Adolf. I know very well what interests me so much for him; but I will not confess it to my sister;—and even to thee, my faithful confidante

it costs me much to surmount this declaration. —But I command my pen to obey the dictates of my heart without reserve.—I know, my Alverda, who is the object of your brother's love ;—I know her whose picture so much enchanted you both, and which you honoured with such unbounded commendations.—I know the happy one who is since become your friend, and who would still remain so, were you even to break your resolution, by signifying to her the rash wishes of your brother. But why rash, my Alverda?—though your brother be not quite so great as my fancy may imagine him to be. O there are princesses enough whom love would tempt to descend a step ; and in regard to my princess—Good God ! what have I said?—my friend, the secret is out ;—Beatrice of Swabia is the lady who has won your brother's heart ; all the circumstances which you advance must relate to me, and no other ; the oftener I peruse your letter the more I am confirmed in this opinion. But do not be led into an error ; my promise to him who is my father's adversary, the Duke Otho of Brunswick, is not yet carried into execution ; and with respect to

what they call the poison of heretical doctrines, you know, Alverda, what you, Alice my sister, and I thought of it; particularly myself, who not much interested in such serious things, was, however, the only one amongst us who was ready to receive other instructions. Your brother, as you once said, resembled you in the face, and in person the Count Otho Von Wittelsbach; if so, I most certainly should love him; and what would I not do for the man I love? Good heavens!—what is all this, and what have I written to you?—I will hasten therefore to a conclusion.—I die with shame, although it is only for the faithful eyes of tender friendship: let it not therefore be seen by sun or moon; and as soon as you have read it, commit it to the flames, that my secret may alone be deposited in your faithful heart.

I am both uneasy and ashamed that I should have a secret for my mother and sister, to whom I have been hitherto so unreserved on all occasions: but my mother has only the Duke Otho in her mind, at whose name I always shudder. Methinks it is as if some one whispered in my ears, “you will not live eight days after you are be-

come his wife."—As for Eliza ; O she is so happy in the company of her Wittelsbach, that she forgets to feel for the sufferings of others, and I must therefore be silent to her.—She ought to know how to value her own happiness in having the good fortune to fill the excellent heart of the Count Palatine. Her charms possess the power to make him forget Kunigund, and he may with little difficulty forget her, since Eliza is far more handsome and amiable than her. But is not Beatrice also amiable and handsome ? was she not also susceptible of the Count Wittelsbach's pre-eminence, and yet she was obliged to yield to the stern command of a mother, to beware of appearing too attractive, or setting off her charms that he might not be tempted to make a choice contrary to her wishes, and that his eyes should remain fixed on her whom the empress had destined for him.—O Alverda ! these things were grievous and tormenting to me, before I knew the Count Adolf loved me ; but now I am reconciled to every thing, and am determined to exert myself to the utmost, to avoid a marriage with any other, and to devote myself to him alone. But wherefore should

I be debarred from a free choice? why should I be the only one among us who must be rendered unhappy?—Why should I be made a sacrifice, when one of my sisters is pardoned, who acted in direct opposition to the wishes of our parents? Believe me, I have learned from the Castilian bride more than sufficient to judge what a terrible thing it is to be obliged to consent to any alliance that is so disagreeable as that they have chosen for me. But Alice, in her misery, has some consolation in the love of her brother.

Alverda to Alf Von Deulmen.

1207.

Pamiers.

DID my eyes deceive me, or have I really seen my brother? Was it you who stood by the monument opposite to us, wholly lost in contemplating the beautiful Alice?—was it really you who presented yourself, two hours afterwards, to the future Queen of Castile under the name of Alf Von Deulmen? my astonishment surpasses my joy. I was going to precipitate myself into your arms, and call you my brother, when a stern, commanding look from you forbade me.

Oh! were my eyes possessed of the same power, I would have made you return, and shun a place in which you will only find misery. Brother, brother! my dearest brother!—alas, why came you, and wherefore stay you, here? you must well know that your adorable Alice,

whose seducing picture the treacherous Kalatin, for reasons known only to himself, with such artful address left in your hands, is the affianced Queen of Castile ; that in a few days she is to be put under the guardianship of the Count Castelmoro, the representative of his prince by the bishop of Castile ? Once more, let me ask you, what brought you here ? Do you want to kindle a flame in the heart of this amiable creature, in one who is purity itself, as you have involuntarily done by another ? O, Adolf ! think no more of the affianced Alice ; the heart of another pleads for you, one as handsome, and as virtuous as she.—It is certain that she also is partly engaged, but that is all ; and would be more capable of rendering you happy than the former. Recollect that we are here surrounded by watchful eyes ; particularly recollect the innumerable ecclesiastics who mark all our actions. I have often heard you say that the bishops and monks were not your friends :—why do you not remove from this place, which swarms with hooded heads, and disguised faces ? Do you imagine the name of Alf Von Deulmen will be a protection ? may there

not among so many eyes be some that may know you? Let me also ask you your motives for waiting on the Countess of Toulouse, in the name of her brother, to deliver her a letter from him, which might have been done in a private and more discreet manner? You have insinuated yourself into the confidence of the Count, by that means to gain access to the sister. But so inconsiderate an introduction as yours was, it is to be presumed was never intended: you thought to find us quite alone: but we are never alone; for be assured that the scrutinizing eye of observation is eternally upon us.

The Prince of Castelmoro, who was sent to meet the princess, recommended to her not to spoil her eyes by reading, and made some faint endeavours to get possession of her books; and as they are the chief amusement of the unfortunate Alice, we succeeded in hiding the greater part from him. The doubts of Peter Waldern, and other writers concerning purgatory, general absolution, and the translation of the Bible, &c. &c. have, however, fallen into his hands. Alice has wept aloud through the whole night for this loss, and I

weep in silence, from a dread of the consequences of it.—All this, permit me to tell you, proceeds from your indiscretion.—Oh! the malicious Kalatin has put thoughts into your head, by means of the picture of the beloved Alice, which have clouded your understanding, and puts your young sister, the innocent simple Alverda, in a situation to advise you to what is right: though I fear you will still continue to follow the dictates of your own unruly passions. Open your eyes, Adolf, recall your reason, and reflect what advantage can accrue to you by perplexing yourself with the love and admiration of a person who is no longer at liberty, and to whom, to speak in the gentlest terms, your presence can produce no good. You surely cannot wish to give pain to her innocent heart, and to inspire her with sentiments which might wound the fidelity which in a few days she must swear to the Prince of Castile.

If you should again follow us on the walk this evening, I will contrive to slip this letter into your hands. The Prince of Castelmoro, on whom you studiously attend, affects

to think you have taken a fancy to me. I will therefore address you myself, and while I am saying something severe to you, will take the opportunity of secretly giving you this paper. It is not possible to trust it to the hands of a stranger. If you will give your anxious sister the pleasure of an answer, hide it in the hollow tree which is at the end of the third walk of the gardens of ———; but let it, I beseech you, contain an eternal farewell to Alice, and the place where she resides. Resign yourself to the Imperial court, fortune perhaps may there smile on you; and I shall with far greater facility be able to write to you, and, as I trust, receive intelligence from you.

Peter Von Kalatin to Rome.

1207.

I WAS charged with the commission to allure, by whatever artifice I could devise, the Count Adolf from his place of security ; and it is now near two months since I have succeeded. This late communication arises from my having lost the route he pursued. I am, however, at this time confidentially informed that he is actually at Pamiers, after having passed some time with the Countess of Toulouse. Love has conducted him thither. By love alone this undaunted man could be deceived ; and if I have awakened in his heart an inclination for an improper object, the shame will fall on him alone. No blame at least can be imputed to me, as it was assigned me to employ any and every means, without the least reserve, to obtain the object of my commission.

I cannot say whether the representatives of the Duke of Saxony have informed the Count Segni of any secret affairs. I have already declared that I am ignorant of any secrets connected with the business I have undertaken. The Duke of Saxony is a weak prince, and easy to be deceived: and chance, therefore, could not have given this artful Count Segni a more suitable object. I cannot, however, refrain from expressing my wishes that he may not, after all, be deceived himself.

*Peter Von Kalatin to the Duke of Saxony's
Representative.*

1207.

THE letter which Alf Von Deulmen, as he is called, has written to you, is, my lord, more than rash, and merits an increase of your hatred. It is fortunate for you, that you will soon be in a situation to make him feel the effects of it. He is now at Pamiers, and you already know that the stratagems I used to carry him there were those of love. No one but myself, who, as a representative of the free tribunal, finds credit with him, could have misled him by a false summons to appear before that throne, and to answer in a place, where he himself is invested with so high a rank. "Should I be led into an error," said he in his answer to you, "should I be led into an error, it must rest with Peter Von

Kalatin."—Oh! poor confiding Adolf, Peter Von Kalatin well knows how to escape if the affair is brought before our formidable tribunal, and you alone will have reason to repent having concerted your own ruin.

I hate this same Alf Von Deulmen more than ever:—it was by an authority too suddenly obtained in our circle which caused him to become your enemy, and rejected love excited me against him. He repeatedly refused to give me his sister, on pretence that she was already engaged to Evert Von Remen.—I must therefore be revenged; and how could I better attain my object than by ensnaring him into a similar passion for one who was also engaged to another. His frantic love for the Countess Alice, the ceremony of whose marriage with the ambassador of Castile you will see here in a few days, has made him take more inconsiderate steps than he could have been induced to do by any other means; and which were peculiarly calculated to give me the possession of my beloved Alverda. This inestimable prize has however slipped from my hands: but I must, for the present, bear my loss with patience; and if all our plans prove suc-

cessful, my love will at length be satisfied. The grand obstacle to it is already removed. Evert Von Remen, my happy rival, has with his accustomed simplicity and precipitation turned all his possessions into money, and is gone into the Holy Land. Thus has fortune most wisely judged between us. To him is given the cross; and the beautiful Alverda is reserved for me.

Pardon me, my lord, for having thus entertained you with my own adventures.—I am wrong—and perhaps yet more so in committing the folly of confiding secrets to those who may be capable of divulging them! Oh! Count Segni, Count Segni! it would have been better you had lost both your eyes than to have confided in such an one, and that I should have to caution you too late! How was it possible that such profound sense, such penetration as yours should be deceived? I, with my weak understanding, never yielded to such temptations, though I have been often exposed to them. The sure way to escape the danger was by never owning that I had a part in secret transactions. A robber cannot expect to find treasure in the hut of a man whom every one knows to be poor.

The worst part of the whole affair, permit me to tell you, is the unpremeditated confession against Alf Von Deulmen, which Count Segni has allured you to make. For what reason?—have you not thereby put a weapon into the hands of your adversary to injure you? I cannot tell what to think of you, my lord, in the whole of this affair. Your apprehension of the consequences that might result from the secrets you have divulged, should equally have induced you to confess your guilt; like those weak persons who, from the slightest wound of conscience, think they cannot too soon get relief by confession and absolution. But, after all, when you want to confess yourself, why must that Alf Von Deulmen become your confessor? Is there no faithful Kalatin in the world, who would promise you comfort and redemption, and would give an amulet as a caution?

In the copy of your letter to that Alf Von Deulmen, you mentioned something of the Emperor Philip's crime, which will be carried before the secret tribunal. I must request you to employ all your care and vigilance: for if

the denunciation comes from the Count Segni, it will be suspected—It is evident they aspire to the knowledge of the mystery of our alliance; they envy us our unlimited power, and will perhaps tear it from us: how could this be more easily effected, as when they doubt our infallibility, and if they are misled by false colouring and erroneous opinions.

Once more be on your guard; for may it not be possible that a foreign power, who hates the Emperor Philip, may seek to perform with our sword what could not be accomplished without it?

In regard to myself, I detest Alf Von Deulmen from the bottom of my soul, as much as I love the angelic Alverda; and I most devoutly wish his ruin: not only because his greatness offends my pride, but that there are many who would rejoice to see him humbled, and who will amply reward the part I may take in his downfall. But to the goddess whom we all serve, the invisible Themis, I will eternally remain faithful and obedient; and, to the last breath of my life, it shall be my darling occupation to

labour for the support of her throne. Notwithstanding, in cases of necessity, I think it right not to know her, and to take opportunities of insulting her servants: but, at all events, and on all occasions, I will most faithfully serve her.

Alf Von Deulmen to Alverda.

1207.

OH! sister, my dear sister! what is it that you propose to me? must I quit the paradise which contains my divinity, after having suffered all the torments of hell to attain it? Must I no more behold the divine Alice, the sight of whom extinguishes every trace in my mind of those beauties whom I admired ere I saw her; and makes every charm which I have before contemplated become hideous and disgusting? Talk not to me of any other happiness:—tell me not of any heart which pants for me; I can hear of nothing, I can see nothing, but the adorable Countess of Toulouse. The wonder of the age, the blooming Beatrice, daughter of the Emperor Philip, the possession of whom is universally sought, loves me. I have seen her, and reject all her love but to gain one look of that

angel, whose charms Kalatin's picture so faintly, so imperfectly represented.

Oh, Alverda ! what nonsense do I write ! but you will forgive me though you cannot judge of my agitated state :—my brain is on fire ; my blood boils,—I am sensible that I act like a mad-man ;—but I cannot, no, I cannot go from hence, were my life, nay more, that of my beloved Alice, to depend upon it. The wildest schemes of robbery, murder, and ravishment cross my imagination.—Say, can I snatch my beloved from the hands of the happy Castilian but by force ? He who knows not how to value his own happiness, and is so cold as to send an ambassador to receive the hand of his divine bride, and to let him accept for him the priestly benediction ? Oh ! I would surrender my life to have the same ceremony, the same benediction performed over her and me.—But I cannot share even a look from her. Her modest mien, and heavenly melancholy make her irresistible :—and those downcast eyes——while you, and that enemy to bliss, that Castelmoro, are placed so constantly about her, that not a glance of those rays can fall on me.

Yesterday, in defiance of all your precautions, I waited till I saw her, unobserved by herself, or you.—Say, what makes the lovely Alice so full of sorrow?—Ah! she loves him not, that Prince of Castile; or she knows that she is not beloved by him.—I have been informed that Ferdinand once saw the Princess Eliza, and was more touched at the sight of her than at the attractive charms of the angel I adore. Heavens! who can see—I say, who can see the Countess of Toulouse, and feel the beauty of another!——

O grant that Heaven may frustrate this illegitimate marriage.—Ferdinand loves not Alice, nor she him: what therefore can result from it?—Oh! that they would give him Eliza, and leave my charmer to me. It is said,—have you heard nothing of it?—that they have been thinking of making one of the Imperial princesses queen of Castile.—Is there any method one would not attempt to attain this object? suppose I turn knight for Philip, and carry off the Countess of Toulouse, to make room for his daughter to ascend the throne of Castile?

I hope, however, Alverda, that you do not

think me serious in these things:—but cannot you make the Countess suspect something of secret projects?—Though as you so much oppose my love, act accordingly.—No, no—that would be foolish indeed:—undertake nothing of that kind, I beseech you, if you set any value on my fraternal affection.

*The Prince of Castelmoro to the Bishop
of Castile.*

1207.

WITH what an office am I entrusted? and to whom have they made me guardian? must this Alice be Queen of Castile? Here read, read the books which are her darling amusement;—peruse this letter also which was addressed to one of her young women. What are we going to do? set an heretic on the throne? give our prince a consort who neither loves him, nor is beloved by him? Read the stuff this letter, which I inclose, contains. One of the Imperial princesses would surely be a far more eligible alliance for the Prince of Castile than this Countess of Toulouse? And can there be no means employed to alter these arrangements without the appearance of perjury?

You must reflect maturely on these things—
 Is it not possible to send advice to Castile that
 Alice entertains heretical opinions, and that she
 is persecuted by a madman, who will not rest till
 he has obtained possession of her?—No, that pro-
 ject will not do.—Haste, therefore, to instruct
 me by your counsels. What I could do, I have
 done.—I have, in short, removed that Alverda,
 whose clandestine correspondence was dis-
 covered to me; and have set twenty spies to
 find out the rash person, whom they tell me is
 her brother, without giving him any other name.
 In him I suspect that Alf Von Deulmen, that man
 with such a suspicious appearance, who has for
 some time past resided here. I have questioned
 Alverda on the subject—but neither authority
 nor gentleness can conquer her. I should have
 proceeded with more rigour against her, had
 not her prudence prevented the rash design of
 carrying off the Countess, which was evidently
 intended to be put in execution last night.—I
 believe I might have let her stay here without
 any fear, as I think she has honour enough not
 to assist in the rash designs of her brother.—I
 have, however, thought proper to dismiss her, as

she is attached to the Countess of Toulouse by unshaken fidelity and affection, and there may pass some things to which we would not desire she should be witness. Answer all my questions immediately; counsel me in my difficulties; and when you have settled some decided plan of conduct, send me the necessary instructions.

*Alverda to the Count Palatine, Otho Von
Wittelsbach.*

1207.

THE dreadful anxiety I labour under will, I flatter myself, exculpate me, in your opinion, for thus addressing a person who, although I have sometimes seen him at the Imperial court, as the intended bridegroom of Kunigund, is nevertheless a stranger, and perfectly unknown, to me.—Unknown, did I say?—can any one say that they know not the Count Palatine Otho, where his name only is heard? That name which carries with it, throughout the whole Roman empire, the noble character that he himself bears. Yes, Otho, I do know you—I know that you are ever ready to assist the wretched, and I am fully justified therefore to implore your assistance.

Your friend Alf Von Deulmen, or rather, Count Adolf ***, is in danger. An ardent pas-

sion for the bride of Castile (a passion in which one might suppose the art of sorcery had been employed), detains him here at Pamiers, and makes him commit actions, which are rather the extravagancies of a madman, than the proceedings of one who possesses such a share of understanding, as you know he does. To have a personal conversation with him under so many observing eyes is impossible—I have, therefore, endeavoured to conduct him to reason by writing to him. I have twice defeated his bold designs on the Countess Alice, of treacherously carrying her off.—Whether he will be pleased at what I have done for his advantage, I am afraid to ask myself. This dreadful passion, in which all his faculties are absorbed, he is careless of concealing; and all his plans are so inconsiderately projected, that he has most certainly brought very sudden misfortunes on us both.—I have received my dismissal from the household of the Countess of Toulouse; and they combine against his liberty and life; in which they will not fail of succeeding; as his own infatuation gives them so much power over him.

What then, in this distressing situation, am I

to request of you?—Oh, Otho, can you propose that question? In what degree of friendship you stand with my brother I am ignorant, but a thousand circumstances seem to testify that a great intimacy has subsisted between you.—I cannot particularly interpret these things, but you may readily suppose that a person, and that person a sister, who, while we were in Westphalia daily saw her brother, and all who surrounded him, must make many conjectures which her apprehensions forbid her to expose.—I know that you, or one by your mediation, whose authority is still greater than yours, can by one word assemble all the members of your alliance from the remotest corner of Germany. Let this word be pronounced, and Adolf, who is deaf to every thing else, must obey.—Recall him from hence, where his liberty and life are hourly menaced; re-establish your friend in security and virtue, and give new life to the unfortunate Alverda.

Your knowledge of me is, I must confess, very distant, and there is nothing which can engage you personally in my favour: but you would, yes, I am certain that you would pity me, could you but see and know my affliction.—

I am a sister, I am a friend, and the objects of my affection stand on the brink of destruction.—I can say no more, think, I beseech you, on the rest.

Oh Otho! I have for the first time chosen you for my confidant.—My heart is open, and I must disclose it to you.—The alarming situation of my brother is not what alone afflicts me.—I suffer for another, who is at least as dear to me as he is:—I suffer for my amiable friend Alice.—I am separated from her, I am dismissed from my attendance on her, though I am utterly ignorant of all the transactions of Alf Von Deulmen. You well know the family from whom I am descended, and will readily believe that the loss of my poor place at court, which would have been more properly bestowed on one of my own young women, cannot in any degree affect me.—The separation from the Countess of Toulouse is the tormenting circumstance; for, under the name of an attendant, I was her friend.—She knew as much of my birth and rank as I dared to communicate, and treated me altogether as her equal.

This Castilian marriage is one of the most

unhappy alliances that a statesman could have devised. There subsists not a spark of love between the two persons who are affianced: but this is not all—the grandees of Castile are secret enemies of the bride. The order of these nuptials has been so long arranged, that the state of Castile has been changed again and again: they have now, however, concluded on it, as they think it right to be faithful to their promise.—But I am as certain, as of my present existence, that they will employ some specious pretext to rid themselves, as soon as it is in their power, of an unhappy princess, who can bring her husband no public advantage for the state.

A more advantageous alliance is, however, talked of for the prince; but which I shall not even hint to you, that I may not wound your generous unsuspecting nature. The last adventure of the unfortunate Alice, the rising doubts against her faith—the temerity of my brother, have all combined, I fear, to form a cruel and unjust procedure against her, innocent as she is.—What they have in their contemplation against my poor friend, I know not; but I conjecture

from certain circumstances that some terrible cloud is ready to burst over our heads. They, perhaps, have removed me from her, that they might with more certainty destroy her, as they well know my great attachment to her, and that I could not have been deceived or menaced into disloyalty towards her.

When I was dismissed by the Prince of Castelmoro, I received orders to quit Pamiers immediately ; but, as you may naturally suppose, I did not think myself bound to obey them.—Oh, do not entirely abandon me ! said the unhappy Alice, when in parting from me she bedewed my neck with her tears ;—stay here, I beseech you, said she, in a convent, where I shall be able to give you intelligence concerning me. To this request, which was so in unison with the dictates of my own heart, I have conformed. I am now in an adjacent convent, ready at the first call, to attempt any thing for her sake, and, if it should be in my power, for her advantage.—For this unfortunate lady I also implore the assistance of the good Prince to whom I now address myself. While she is in the hands of that Castilian, there is no possibility of de-

livering her by any appearance of right; and who can ensure her escaping from them, even with her life:—a most affecting and lamentable foreboding!—I should wish to mitigate her sufferings by participating them with her, but I cannot lessen her grief or console myself.

Count Otho, if you cannot relieve the sufferings of the princess, I beseech you, at least to preserve my brother from the enemies that surround him.

Alice to Alverda.

1207.

OH, my dear friend, how cruelly have I suffered since you were separated from me.—I have been questioned about things of which, very fortunately, I could give no satisfaction;—about your rank and birth.—That you were more than you openly acknowledged, I was obliged to own: why, indeed, should I deny what every one must perceive? But after all I must prevaricate in nothing.—Let your discourse be yea, yea, and nay, nay, say our books which they have so cruelly torn from me; it is well, however, that this doctrine stands written in my heart: what else should I have, in the long joyless life I see before me at the Castilian court, to console me? Oh, Alverda, do you know what is the most earnest wish of my heart!—Alas, it is no less than an early death:—for

of what use can I be in this strange and busy world? Ought I, Alverda, to wish that I might become a queen?—yes, most devoutly would I wish it, if queens only bore their sceptres to do good! the idea that by wearing a crown and obtaining unlimited power, I should establish the good and alleviate the wretched, has for a long time enabled me to support my lot.—Heavens, to do good, and never grow weary!—and with this indefatigable desire of performing good actions, to have joined an inherent source of power to effectuate them;—to scatter blessings where want and misery pined;—to communicate happiness around us as far as the eye can reach, and with a wide extended arm, carry consolation and help to the remotest corners of the earth;—such, such, my dear friend, was my plan; and who, with such designs and expectations, would reject a crown, or prefer the repose of death to an active life? If they act from other motives, and with other hopes, sovereigns do not merit the breath the Creator has breathed into them, for the benefit of others as well as of themselves.

I unfolded to Castelmoro many of my hopes

and wishes, but he drew before me a quite different picture of the life of a queen.—I am most truly tired of life, and as anxiously wish to reject the yoke which is offered me, and which, as it appears, I shall be so soon destined to bear. I am persuaded that I shall not be so much at liberty to gratify my wishes, and to perform virtuous actions in Castile, as I should be in a convent.—Who then would wish to live in such a situation?—My authority here is so very trivial, though every one offers a ready submission to me, that I have but an unfavourable prospect of my future situation.

You remember a young man, who once was sent by my brother, and brought me some books, the concealment of which cost us afterwards so much uneasiness (ah, they also were taken from me, and I suspect that Castelmoro has sacrificed them to the flames),—this young man also, —Alf Von Deulmen, I think, is his name, the handsomest person I ever saw, augments my disquietude, by the impressions of melancholy which sits on his countenance. He has been surprised at church, and on the walk, following me and my women.—I am not ignorant that he

does so, and I once mentioned the circumstance to you ; for I thought that my Alverda was the object of his attentions.—Oh Heavens!—the sickening paleness of his countenance, and wildness of his eyes, brought to my imagination what I have sometimes heard of the fatal effects of successful love.—Now this Alf Von Deulmen (I know not whether I should tell you, as the intelligence may wound your heart), and it is with affliction as well as difficulty that I write it,—he is, God knows for what, thrown into prison. One of his servants came to inquire for you, and to request your intercession for him.—It was natural, therefore, for me to conclude that he is known to you ; and my fears for the fate that threatens him, you will perceive by these communications, are not without foundation.—As you were no longer here, Alf Von Deulmen addressed himself to me ; and you may easily think what I did. I immediately went to the bishop of Castile, who held the fate of this young man in his hands, and interceded for him : but, would you believe it, my request—the request of a person who is flattered with

some consequence and power, was not only fruitless; but my interposition seemed but the more to exasperate the pitiless prelate. I almost threw myself at his feet; but in vain. On leaving him, I instantly repaired to the Count of Castelmoro, the son of the prince, and I made an affecting address to the humanity of the prince himself, to engage him to join with me, in interceding with the bishop for the unhappy stranger. But I was repulsed not only with severity, but almost with insult.—They seem to consider it as a sin, that I should feel for the sufferings of this unhappy man,—they even suspected me of having a secret knowledge of the crimes of that unfortunate prisoner, and interrogated me concerning them. At such proceedings you may, in some degree conceive my astonishment! Ah, Alverda! I again repeat it, if these are the first fruits of a throne, sooner than ascend the painful elevation, I would hide me in the dark caverns of death. But is not the wish for death, almost as sinful as if I took the actual means to accelerate it? I therefore recall my words, and resign myself as I ought to the fate that awaits me.

Alf Von Deulmen, I am now informed, is to die. My solicitation in his behalf has, it is said, precipitated his sentence. Oh, Alverda! what a sad prospect is before me, if such are to be the effects of my solicitude to relieve the wretched!

*Count Palatine Otto Von Wittelsbach to
Bernard Duke of Saxony.*

1207.

I AM informed that the life of Count Adolf Von* * * is in imminent danger. I cannot see why the follies of his youth should be imputed to him as crimes.—Inclosed is his sister's letter, from whom I first learned the particulars of his persecution.—You know that I have not sufficient power to procure his enlargement; but a word from you can effect it.—The place of danger is Pamiers;—his chief enemies are the monks.—You will be able to obtain from them a more particular as well as more ready information than from me.

Answer.

1207.

BEING still confined on account of the ill state of my health, I am obliged to commit the releasement of Count Adolf to the Duke Von ———, who remains incognito at Pamiers in my place. Should you receive this by the usual way, Count Adolf will in all probability be at liberty. That the monks should be his enemies is no wonder—they are enemies to our whole alliance; they aspire at the authority which God and the emperor ordain us.—I have written to the Duke Von ———, to put him on his guard against the arts that surround him. And you, my dear Wittelsbach, I recommend the same precautions to you.

I have heard of a very particular intimacy which is said to reign between you and the bishop of Sutri; a circumstance which is by no

means pleasing to me. Take care, I beseech you to take care what you do.—You will not err either through malice or weakness; but I well know your heart, and that you are liable, through a pious negligence, to permit yourself to be misled, and divulge things which may in various ways, impenetrable even to you, surround us with danger.

Alf Von Deulmen to the Count Palatine Otbo.

1207.

Can I be ignorant of the hand which has just unbarred the doors of my prison, and snatched me from the jaws of death?—yes, my friend, it was thine. But ought I to thank thee for that kindness, which has called me back to life and misery?—Certain it is that the confinement of a prison had in some degree settled my mind: my blood became less agitated, and I had time for reflection—In the gloom of a dungeon the humbled reason judges of things with more accuracy than in the glare of day. But when I recall to my mind and examine my frantic conduct respecting the Countess of Toulouse; and when I feel into what a sad situation my tyrannical passions had nearly driven me; I thank my stars for having snatched me from the precipice down which I was on the moment of falling.

But do these reflections alleviate the wretchedness of my condition? Alice still lives;—but she lives not for me.—On the inauspicious day that crowns her Queen of Castile die all my hopes of happiness!—For such a wretch as I am, to expect the shadow of joy elsewhere, is the vainest of all vain expectations. You tell me in your letter, that happiness awaits me at the Imperial court; that the younger sister of your future bride is not so strictly promised to the Duke of Brunswick, but that she might become the wife of another; that she has asked you the real names of her friend Alverda and her brother—that she has seen my picture, and speaks much in my praise. All this may be true; as were the many fine and flattering things which I recollect Alverda, in order to check my designs concerning the Countess of Toulouse, has communicated to me; but it excites no hope in my languid bosom: and were it possible that Beatrice could be ten times handsomer than she is; and were she, instead of being the daughter of an emperor, herself an empress, and presented me with her own hand the crown and sceptre—she could never make me forget the adorable Alice.—I am sen-

sible, however, of the importance of your advice. —I must tear myself from hence ; I must quit Pamiers, and, were it only for the sake of appearances, give other employment to my thoughts—that I may, if possible, forget the Queen of Castile.

Oh Otho ! you know not to what lengths my passion is gone ; so far, as even to make me neglect the duties of friendship. I have heard that it is intended to withdraw the crown of Castile from the Countess of Toulouse, for whom it has been so long destined ; and give it to another who might bring more advantage to the state—and this person, I am assured, will be the emperor's daughter, your Eliza.—And can you believe, that I should rejoice to see you a second time robbed of the mistress of your heart ?—by no means as the cause of your unhappiness, but only as by such an event, my hopes respecting Alice might be fulfilled.

In the whirlwind of passions by which I have been tossed, I even meditated to snatch your bride from you with my own hand, and set her on the throne of Castile, that Alice might remain for me.—God be praised that the blind

rage of passion is passed, which paid no regard to friendship or justice, but only projected its own gratification.—Now I have again learned, what I think of with horror, that Philip could a second time betray you: Oh Otho, believe not this to be impossible: trust not too much to his friendship.—I have heard such things of him as make me shudder! At all events, take care to make Eliza soon your own; for as long as she remains in the power of her changeful father, you can no more rely on the possession of her, than of her sister Kunigund.

The pope hates you and the emperor;—the idea that the power of the one becomes strengthened by an alliance with the other, makes him tremble; and he will not fail a second time to interrupt, if he can, what he envies both you and him.—Do not suppose that I am amusing you with mere conjectures: were we together, I could give you full demonstration of all I tell you.

In a very short time you will see me at the Imperial court. I shall make a farewell visit to my sister in the Convent, and set off tomorrow. The poor Alverda, the faithful, tender, affectionate sister, deserves that I should

give her this little consolation, after she has suffered so much on my account. She had been informed that I was dead;—think then of the joy and astonishment of the dear good girl, at seeing me once again!

You will wonder at the composed manner in which I write, after having been, till within these few days, half frantic with despair. You will not suppose, that the air of a prison could alone work this change? But know, my friend, that new hopes of favourable love have arisen even from the dungeon that confined me. I have learned that the divine Countess of Toulouse, during my imprisonment, kindly solicited for me.—This flatters me with the idea that I am not indifferent to her, while other possibilities rekindle my hopes. She has by thus interesting herself for me (to which kindness I hear they give a more sublime name), increased, as might be naturally expected, the hatred of the Castilians. The ceremonial with the ambassador is delayed from day to day.—In short she will never be Queen of Castile; for the parties, interested in this new arrangement, are in continual consultation how they shall with

any tolerable grace break off the alliance, and treat for a marriage with thy Eliza. In the last object I hope it will so please God that they may be frustrated; but the first will conduct the beautiful Alice to my arms.—The first step they propose to take will be to send her back to her brother, which must happen ere they can commence overtures for the Imperial princess.—At the first signal, on which I am agreed with Alverda, I shall consider myself as possessing a right to receive the rejected fair one to my arms.—No view enters into my mind either of force or compulsion. With perfect composure, and in sight of the whole world, I will conduct her return to her brother. The situation of the Count of Toulouse is precarious; the protection which he granted to Waldren in his country, has excited the indignation of the pope against him—and it is said that the valiant Count Cymon of Montfort is arming, with many thousand men, to destroy *

* Which happened some years afterwards, in the year 1215, when Innocent III. preached the crusade against the unfortunate Count of Toulouse, as against a Turk and unbeliever, and all the Christian princes joined in it.

his country;—and will prove a proper adversary for me. The Count of Toulouse may command the use of Alf Von Deulmen's sword : after which, on making himself known to him as the Count Adolf Von * * *, he will not refuse him his sister.

These, Otho, these are my projects and my hopes, which have delivered me from the depth of despair.—Unfortunately for me, these things demand time. You may, however, rely on it, that I shall go to the Imperial court, to await the grand crisis.—My sister remains here in the secrecy of a convent, and will watch for us.

*Alverda to the Palatine Ottho Von
Wittelsbach.*

1207.

I HAVE read the letter which my brother wrote to you.—For God's sake indulge him in all his extravagant hopes ; they alone will prevent his relapsing into that unhappy state from which he is not yet recovered.—For my part, I hope little and fear much, but I keep my poignant griefs to myself. The principal object with me at present is to remove my brother from Pamiers ; his presence cannot be serviceable in any respect, but may surround him with new troubles, as well as render the situation of the Countess of Toulouse more doubtful. The generosity with which this noble creature solicited for him, from no other sentiment but that of pity, as she is entirely ignorant of his pas-

sion, and knows him only as Alf Von Deulmen; this generous, this tender solicitation for his liberty when he was in prison, her vexation at the refusal, her sorrow for his supposed death, her joy when she heard of his release, all have been falsely interpreted against her. There is, therefore, but one thing left for my brother to do, which is immediately to disappear,—if not for his own safety, at least for her repose.

By what means his delivery was effected, or what motives induced the bishop of Castile to discharge him, Heaven only knows; at least, I have never attempted to inquire. It seems, however, as if to you and yours all is possible, and that you can compel death and the devil to set their prisoners at liberty.—Oh, that your authority could have the same influence for the unfortunate Alice!—but apparently one must be a member of your alliance, to rely on your assistance; and the weaker part of mankind, those who are most in need, can have the least dependance on it.—Farewell, noble count, reject not the caution concerning your affianced Princess Eliza:—reject it not, I beseech you.

The Representative to Peter Von Kalatin.

1207.

GOD knows what hand guides this Alf Von Deulmen—twice he has escaped the net in which we thought that we had secured him. The extravagancies that he committed from his love for the Countess of Toulouse, submitted him to the power of the bishop of Castile ; but an hint, alas, from our universal chief, the Duke of Saxony (how he came to the knowledge of it, I cannot think) obliges me to release him from his imprisonment.—But though I was compelled to loosen the fetters of my enemy, I still thought it would be in my power to bring on his ruin.

He was no sooner at liberty, than I took care that all those accusations against him, with which you are acquainted, should be brought before our secret tribunal : but he defended himself with

such ability that all the guilt was transferred from him to another; even to you.—The means, however, of which you so wisely availed yourself to support your innocence, fortunately succeeded, and you was declared innocent; but he was not the less so, and what I could yet have done to injure him was rendered impracticable, unless I had exposed myself to his discovery of what I once told him in confidence, against the Count Segni.

Oh Kalatin! you had good cause for reproaching me with this inconsiderateness; had it not been for that, our enemy would at last have been deposed from the place which he now fills in our secret tribunal; I should have been revenged of his arrogance; my brother the archbishop of Bremen would have again possessed his pretended estates; and Alverda would have crowned your wishes. I should be without consolation at the disappointment of my hopes, if another path was not open to me to effect his destruction.—A certain bishop, who already is too well acquainted with our secrets, is very urgent that the shocking accusation against Philip, of having poisoned Conrad, archbishop of Cologne,

should be brought before the throne of justice ; and I was forced to consent to be of Count Segni's party.—I hoped, nevertheless, the affair would sink into nothing, from the impossibility to prove it. But alas, I am disappointed,—for what is there that a bishop cannot find the means to prove.—Whether the Emperor Philip is guilty or not, the affair makes a very powerful impression on the assembly, and the deepest on this Alf Von Deulmen, who, after he had been justified against the former accusation, resumed his seat in the assembly.—The malefactor was condemned, and the lot fell as you may imagine, on Count Palatine Otho Von Wittelsbach and Alf Von Deulmen to be the avengers of blood.

A general rumour on all sides arose at the nominations. You know Count Otho is the chosen son-in-law of the emperor, and Alf Von Deulmen (as I prefer calling the haughty Count Adolf) is an intimate friend of the Wittelsbachs ; but no objection could now be made.—The crowing of the cock announced the approaching dawn—the heavens were grey—the morn awaked,—and the judges must separate.

Let us await the issue of this great accusa-

tion: if Philip's guilt is proved, the bloody avenger pursues him;—but it is no easy matter to give the deadly blow to an emperor with impunity. I well know that such a case does not come before our tribunal.—Otho Von Wittelsbach and Alf Von Deulmen are both your bitter enemies;—woe be to them!—whether this sword succeeds or fails in its aim:—for they will either be denounced by public justice as assassins of the emperor, or will fall as traitors in the secret tribunal.

Beatrice to Alverda.

1208.

YOUR Alf Von Deulmen, who I have sometime since known, by his real name, and by a picture of him which Count Otho shewed me, to be your brother, my dear Alverda, is arrived here; but, good God, what a man must I think him after the many circumstances that have been represented to me!—can so beautiful an outside be so degraded by inward grief?—and what must that something be that causes this interior fermentation in his mind?—No, my Alverda, your brother has not made that impression on me which I expected, as I had yet only known him by report, and by that flattering picture:—instead of loving, I fear, him.—In his manners there reigns a certain timidity which makes him disagreeable; and is it possible that I could have loved such a man as he is?—No

—it could not be;—the whole was a deception of idle vanity, of which my Alverda had not friendship enough for me to correct.—The Count has informed me that the future Queen of Castile was the object of his passion, which you kept a profound secret from me; and I heard this discovery with more calmness than I should have done, had he answered the opinion I before had of him, and that I could have found a resemblance in him to the picture my imagination had painted.

The count, however, assures me he was not always as he now is, and that he himself scarcely knows him; and adds withal, that he is become an entire stranger to him; and notwithstanding the great intimacy and confidence which formerly reigned between them, he has not yet been able to enjoy a private conversation with him. Wittelsbach maintains that there must be something extraordinary which torments him; but to find this out appears to be impossible, as he very assiduously shuns every occasion of meeting his friend.

My dear Alverda, I almost begin to pity this unhappy brother of yours.—Can all this be the

remains of his frenzy for Alice ? Alas, that this handsome, charming man, should be so subject to the fatal influence of love !—may she by some means requite his affection ; and how happy, surely, would that person be, whom Heaven appoints to be the instrument of effecting this requital :—happy indeed must she be who can restore tranquillity to his noble heart, serenity to his troubled mind, and dignity to his faded form. Oh ! my friend, I know not what to think of this strange business—I dread, and am alarmed at this incomprehensible man your brother ; and yet, so tender is my compassion for him, that I am capable of forgiving every thing, even the crime of preferring the Countess of Toulouse to me.

Alf Von Deulmen to the Count Palatine.

1208.

PERSECUTE me not, Wittelsbach ; ask me no more questions. A deep secret rankles in my breast, which it would be cruel to discover to you, as it concerns a commission with which we are both charged by the secret tribunal. You must not, you cannot execute it; it will cause you misery enough without your personal interference in it: the office will therefore devolve to me, and it is a business of a very extraordinary and important nature. I shall proceed therefore, at present, to offer you my friendly counsels, and I trust that you will follow them. Marry Eliza as soon as possible ;—were it even this day, I should rejoice, for you cannot trust her faithless father. Who knows but, at this moment, they are plotting a marriage,

with the King of Castile, for your intended bride, to which he would yield with joy, and which perhaps he has himself contrived. Once more I tell you, carry Eliza to one of your most distant castles, that you may not know what is transacting at this court.—It is well for me, being obliged to do what I shall do, that the charming Beatrice, the only one who could supply the place of the Countess of Toulouse, has not unchained my heart.—What would have become of me ? I should then be in the same situation with yourself.

But, gracious Heaven! if this affair should be fully proved !—The Duke of Saxony was not at the tribunal when the horrid commission was given us.—To have some private conversation with him about it, before it is put in execution, is an unavoidable obligation.

Otho, I well know you do not understand my words ; I ought therefore to have been more cautious in these hints and suggestions : but so it is, that I cannot help, either in writing or speaking, to give some general picture of my thoughts ; though words cannot paint the situa-

tion of my tortured mind. Hence it is that I write and speak thus unintelligibly ; and you may perhaps suppose it to be all a dream.—Oh fate, fate, to what an hard lot hast thou destined me!

Eliza to Irene.

1208.

YOUR departure, my dearest mother, was as if my heart were torn from my bosom.—Yet your health required it;—the physicians, those all powerful governors in your situation ordered it, and we must yield.—Ah, why do not I follow you?—You told me, laughing, that my attendance could be of little use to you at the coming hour.—But to be near you, to watch you; to send daily intelligence of your health to the emperor, surely, surely, I should have been capable of that, and for that it was not necessary, as you jestingly said, that I should have been a dozen years Countess Von Wittelsbach.—Oh! how far removed, to all appearance, is that name from me! You know how much I love the dear Count. I have confessed to you that, long ere his choice amongst all Philip's daugh-

ters fell on Kunigund, my secret, my ardent wish, was that he might prefer me.

I was however disappointed, he chose me not; and I hastened to hide my grief, of which I was ashamed, in the shades of a convent.

See how fate has decided between me and my sister, who was not sensible of her own happiness: Count Otho is mine;—a thousand times he has protested to me, that he rejoiced at having been deceived by Kunigund, and that by her inconstancy he is become mine:—I now know, said he, charming Eliza, what I have lost in losing Kunigund, and what I have gained in obtaining you.

Expressions of this kind not only flattered but enchanted me; for they came from my Otho. The ardent vows and flattering strains of others would have had no effect upon me;—those sweet smiling, smooth tongued, flattering humble servants, like Peter Kalatin, who, though they too generally prevail with women, could never make the same impression on my mind, and merit the same confidence. Do you know what elevated character Alf Von Deulmen assumes, who has been here some

time; and whom we all know possesses a distinguished name?—he is besides a friend of my Otho; and fortunate would it be if he resembled him.

You know, my dear mother, why I wish this intended alliance between our Beatrice and the Duke Otho of Brunswick may be openly declared to be annulled, if Beatrice has nothing more to hope, or I would rather say, to fear on that account.—We may think of another union for her, an union where the heart of the charming girl may confirm the choice: that heart, my dearest mother, speaks in favour of Alf Von Deulmen, whom she thinks, as we all do, to be Count Adolf ***. It is true, he is not one of the greatest princes, but he possesses domains and vassals, is descended from royalty, and his fame is as great as many of those in the Roman empire who have higher names.—Oh, my mother, if we could render Beatrice happy through him!—Yet this, I fear, is but a wild thought, an idle chimera: he only admires my sister, while his heart is most fondly and devoutly attached to the unfortunate Alice.—My sister thinks he is not so agreeable, on a nearer view, as when at a dis-

tance.—There is undoubtedly a certain something in him which makes me turn from him with terror. Yet I do not think such an appearance natural to him: it may be, perhaps, the unhappy remains of his grief about Alice: if, however, she is so strictly engaged as to preclude every hope of his possessing her,—he may at length recover himself, be once more what he formerly was, and open his eyes to the charms of some other woman.—They will then turn on the amiable Beatrice;—you and my father will grant your consent, and she will be happy as I am.

Of this Alf Von Deulmen, notwithstanding his gloomy melancholy appearance, I am at a loss to determine. There are weighty circumstances which speak for him and against him.—Peter Von Kalatin, that man whom we must all abhor, was once his friend, and is now no more so.—On the first intelligence of his arrival at court he went away, as you know, and has not been seen since:—this speaks in favour of Alf Von Deulmen; for to give up friendship with such a man proves him virtuous.—But that which pleads most powerfully for him is, that my

Otho was and is still his friend: but wherefore then does he avoid him?—The Count within these fews days has received a most extraordinary letter from him, which he, with all his understanding, knows not how to interpret, or to what purposes it can allude.—My dear mother, Otho should not have shown me that letter:—it mentioned things, and pointed at secrets, which were not intended for profane eyes, particularly those of women; but such is the sincerity and unsuspecting nature of my beloved Otho, that he too easily confides in others; and though his silence on any matter to which he promises secrecy is inviolable, yet unthinkingly he lets hints fall from him, which may furnish, for those who hear them, very pregnant subjects of inquiry and reflection.—God grant that I am and may be the only one now with whom he is guilty of such indiscretion! From me he can have nothing to apprehend;—and if I cannot prevent suspicion that may ensue, I will, at all events, be so discreet and careful, as not to make any discovery. Even to you, my mother, I would not have said so much, but that I know all secrets, not excepting those of

your children, are sacred to you, and remain buried in your bosom.

Besides this, which is so inexplicable to me, Alf Von Deulmen receives various letters, which would serve to change my opinion of him, and make me drop all the good intentions I had in view for him.—What can you think of his endeavouring to impress my lover with suspicions against my father, and give him to understand for certain, that the emperor's intention was to tear me from him, and to raise me to the throne of Castile, instead of the Countess of Toulouse? I flatter myself that Alf Von Deulmen has been deceived by our enemies, and that he does not write this from the malice of his heart.

I have strongly contested with the Count to demonstrate the impossibility of such a conduct in my father.—If Philip once broke his engagement with him, must it follow of course that he would repeat the offence?—that Kunigund was inconstant to him, may admit of some excuse; because she did not love him, and another had her earliest vow:—but under what pretence could he take me from him; I who live and

breathe but in my Otho, on whom alone I ever deigned to think as a lover: and had there not been a Wittelsbach, I should have devoted myself to the silent and peaceful duties of a monastic life.

The affair confutes itself.—My father is a German, and will not advance the purposes of injustice. Alice, so near the throne, cannot resign it to another:—I have proved to my Otho the absurdity of such a doubtful proposition; but he seemed, nevertheless, to be impressed with the belief that a change in the present destination of the Countess of Toulouse was by no means impossible; which he proposes at another time, when he is more at leisure, to prove to me.—Yet he appeared to me perfectly composed, and showed a becoming readiness to undertake the journey to Poland which the emperor had proposed to him.—I am very melancholy at the idea of his departure; and the subject of Alf Von Deulmen's letter, which I at first thought so improbable, gives me now many unquiet moments. In consequence of this arrangement, my nuptials with the Count, contrary to all propriety, must be delayed: and

what after all can this journey mean? Is it absolutely necessary to send him?—could not some other person be employed in this business?—Oh, my dear mother, as I already said, the name of Otho's wife is, I fear, at a great distance from me.

Kunigund Countess Segni to Eliza.

1208.

SINCE my departure from our paternal home you have not once deigned to write to me, and I have reason to suppose that your happy state makes you forget me, and induces you to act so unlike a sister. Oh Eliza! what have I done to offend you;—are you angry because I yielded the Count Palatine to you, and that I remained faithful to my Richard?—You love your Wittelsbach, and the manner in which I was obliged to act by him, became your triumph.—Had it not been for me, Otho would not have been yours; so that in justice I ought rather to be an object of your gratitude than your resentment. You would have had just cause of displeasure against me, had I wantonly broken an engagement, even with a man who is not worthy to be your choice. By Heaven, it must not be!

—I am terrified when I hear that the danger which I so narrowly escaped of being Countess Von Wittelsbach, should now menace one of my sisters!—how can I believe that the emperor, who once hesitated about giving the Count Palatine one of his daughters, should a second time let his judgment be surprised?—How can I suppose that the haughty Eliza would be happy in the possession of an heart which I disdained, or that she would yield the sacred purpose of devoting herself to a convent to worldly love? I should hardly have thought this of the little giddy Beatrice, who, I am told, is grown tall and beautiful, and has the flattering dreams that, by our alliance with the Duke of Brunswick (as a daughter of Philip, I dare not call him emperor, although the whole world concedes him that title), she will one day be empress of the Roman empire. But I will leave this child to her vain hopes, and return to you.

Eliza, you are a few years older than I am, and surpass me in understanding; but then you live amongst unpolished heavy Germans, while it is my lot to be amongst the enlightened Ita-

lians:—this will exculpate us both, when we give and take our mutual admonitions.

It is to caution you, my sister, I repeat, it is to caution you against the false Wittelsbach that I write this letter.—It was not, I assure you, without solid reasons that I broke so abruptly with him;—it was not solely my love for Richard that influenced my conduct, but a particular and certain knowledge of his temper, to which I am indebted for the universal censure of inconstancy; without being able to except my mother and sisters, who join in the general invective: but all this has but little effect upon me, as I acted from the most mature reflection.

Oh Eliza, how I pity you!—Wittelsbach is not formed to give happiness to such an heart as thine.—How can you, meek, pious nun, live with such a turbulent man as he is: you, all tenderness and fidelity, to be united to such an ambitious character, who aspires to the crown and throne of your father! to one who, with each vicissitude of the seasons, changes his faith:—who first forsook one whom I shall not name

for me ; then me for you ; and you will soon be deserted for a new favourite ; who, if he lives but a short time, will not be the last in his list of love. Besides, what opinion ought you to entertain of a man, who is a member of a secret league, on which I cannot think without horror, and whose members are one and all bound to have their sword always prepared to draw against father, brother, or friend?

You are surprised, I doubt not, at this severe accusation, and will demand proofs.—'Tis well,—but your demand transcends the limits of a letter:—however, I know sufficiently the female heart to believe, that when I have exposed to you the veracity of my charge, you will no longer doubt.—Were I to prove to you that Otho Von Wittelsbach can act with infidelity to his Eliza, you would not think him capable of such a crime. You know however the Queen Adela, the repudiated consort of Prunislaus: that woman would willingly make our father an enemy to the King of Bohemia, that he might be induced to support her.

This Adela has a handsome daughter of her own name ; she is called the Princess of Poland,

as her uncle the Duke of Poland commiserated her in her misfortunes, and adopted her as his child. This Princess Adela, they say, is perfectly beautiful; almost as lovely as yourself, and a few years younger. Her uncle would willingly see her married, and has promised him who will ask her hand a royal dowry.—But the greatest advantage she brings with her marriage is the reversion of the Bohemian dominions, which certainly an hero like Wittelsbach would not disdain—and you know very well that his best pretensions are those of his sword. Adela has been proposed to your Otho: when he at first hesitated, and spoke of fidelity to you. At length, however, after weighing the advantage of the change, the immediate interest prevailed.

A report which prevails, that the emperor would prefer seeing you Queen of Castile rather than Countess Von Wittelsbach, induced the Count to express his resentment; but after a trifling dispute they were again reconciled, and Otho promised to forget you as well as me, on consideration that Philip would employ his interest to obtain for him the

Princess of Poland.—The emperor despised the poor Count Palatine in his heart; however, to get rid of him, he complied with his desire; but, at the same time, in the letter of recommendation which Wittelsbach himself carried, he cautioned both the Duke of Poland and the lovely Adela to beware of the bearer's projects. You may every day expect that your Otho will return, either foaming with rage against the emperor, who frustrated his designs, or, as circumstances turn out, as tender and faithful to you as ever:—he will not have the least suspicion that some kind friend has betrayed his artifice to you; and if the charming Adela cannot be his, he will have love enough left for you, if you are still so kind as to accept it.

Reflect, Eliza, on what I have said, and follow my advice. If however you do not believe what I have written, those irresistible proofs would be useless which are in the hands of others.—If, after all, you will not believe me, I beseech you to forget these fond warnings of your faithful sister,

KUNIGUND.

Eliza to the Empress.

1208.

OH, my dear mother, all things combine to break my heart; I, who was overwhelmed with grief and doubt on the subjects concerning which I have already written to you, have this day received a letter which throws me into the deepest consternation:—alas! why can I not impart it to you, and receive your advice on the trying occasion?—Unfortunately it was from one whom it is my duty to spare, and on whom I would not draw your displeasure; as many passages in the letter would inevitably excite your warmest indignation:—I therefore cannot let you see it. Gracious Heaven, if I had but some kind friend present with me, whose counsels would relieve my distracted mind!—My Wittelsbach unfaithful?—he a suitor of the charming Adela of Poland?—it cannot be!

—The only object of his errand to Poland was to carry dispatches from the emperor.

I am informed that there has been a cruel report for some time past about me, and that I am involved in the Castilian projects. This private letter relates such a circumstance, among others;—but is it certain that this letter contains nothing but truth?—Alas,—I have no one with me to consult about these dreadful suggestions: and I must wait the issue, to confirm or destroy my fears.

To doubt my Otho is an hard task; yet every thing they tell me corresponds so well, that the opinion wears the face of truth.—He is a man of probity, honour, and fidelity;—yet he is but a man, and may be excited to revenge, inconstancy and perjury, by others. Allowing it to be true that the emperor proposed the withdrawing his engagement from me, which I do not think impossible;—it is not credible that he should think himself absolved from his oath, and that he should entertain an hope of finding happiness where I am not.—Ah, no—Wittelsbach cannot so soon forget his Eliza! he could not be so cruel as to revenge on me the guilt of

another.—Oh Heavens! can this be possible, when he was so tenderly affected at his departure from me!—how often did he return yet again to take me to his arms!—and what anguish the mere idea of losing me occasioned him. I was obliged myself to soothe his afflicted spirits;—and this man, whose manly features were bedewed with the tears of sensibility,—who ere that moment had never wept;—this man, with the words of truth on his trembling lips—is it possible he could deceive me?—Oh! no, no, no, I cannot, will not believe it!—And yet, my dearest mother! the combat is again renewed within me.—Grant me your maternal aid and consolation, that I may not expire with the alarms that torture me.

Irene to Eliza.

1208.

THE subject of your last letter is as incredible to me as to yourself. I could, I think, with safety answer on my life for the Count's fidelity. —At the same time, when you do not discover to me the source from whence your doubts arise, I cannot decide upon them: you must, therefore, have recourse to others, for advice and consolation.

The best adviser, and he who could give you the most solid instructions would be your father, if you would open your heart to him.—But alas! Philip is not Duke of Swabia;—he is Emperor!—this dignity has alienated him from his house;—the business of the state occupies all his time; and I fear it will be difficult for you to find an hour that he can entirely devote to you; when he can yield his whole mind to your

inquiries, and counsel you like a father: besides, if he has any project in contemplation concerning you and the Count; or (which I think very improbable) if he entertains other and higher views, which you neither think of nor wish for, what consolation can you hope from him?

Attend therefore to the advice of your mother.—There have been moments in my life when I have found myself destitute of comfort and counsel; and that which I dared not seek among mankind, I have found in the bosom of religion.—Be this your resource: trust not, however, to your own reflections, but confide in your confessor. I am ignorant with whom you are accustomed to deposite your secret weaknesses and sorrows;—I am not acquainted with the holy father whom you entrust with the direction of your conscience; but I am convinced that you have been careful to make a wise choice, and I hope your tranquillity is in good hands.

Adieu, my beloved child, I am very weak, and it is with difficulty I have written this letter, which I fear will be scarcely legible. At

all events, however, write to me soon, nor fail to explain yourself to me at large, that I may be qualified to offer the consolation and advice which appears to be so necessary to you.

Eliza to Irene.

1208.

I HAVE followed your advice, my dear mother, and have confided in the man who of all others is most capable of conducting me out of the labyrinth of error, when I am so unfortunate as to lose myself in it, and to whom I, as well as the Count Otho, disclose the inmost secrets of our hearts.—It is the bishop of Sutri, whom he recommended to me for my director.

Oh Wittelsbach! Wittelsbach! you know not what a staff you put into my hand to support me under the weight of error, which my own heart, the heart that could not mistrust you, has brought upon me.

All is over, my dear mother, and no doubt remains respecting the opinion I must form of the man who was my lover.—But no more of

him:—other more important matters must occupy my pen.

Oh, my dearest mother, what strange things it is my office to communicate to you!—How shall I have courage to inform you of what is breaking my heart?—Yet welcome be the tragic tale which occupies my mind,—and the most minute circumstance of it shall not be omitted.—My spirits are in a state to conduct me among the tombs, and to dwell on the nothingness of earthly enjoyments, when compared with the blessings of a better world —Oh, Alice! Alice! my beloved Alice!—how great were thy claims to terrestrial happiness! how the world smiled upon thee in thy early years!—but thou wast deceived! and nothing was found sufficient to reward thy merit—but the untimely death that has transferred thee to that perfect bliss, to which thy spotless nature had so just a claim. Oh, that the same kind power may soon bear me to the same celestial abode!

Yes, my dear mother!—my beloved, my dearest friend, the earliest companion of my infant years, the incomparable Alice is no more.

—Alverda is the bearer of these melancholy tidings; she arrived yesterday with them.

I would fain give you a circumstantial account of this fatal business; but Alverda, the disconsolate Alverda, is not yet in a situation to tell the particulars of it.—Forgive me, my dear mother,—my head grows giddy, my heart drops blood, and I write in that state of confusion which will prevent my letter from being intelligible to you.—Alas! the ideas that Alverda has been able to suggest concerning the death of my friend are shocking indeed.—I wish, yet dread, to hear a further explanation; but the moment I receive it, I will not fail to impart it to you.—Oh! when shall I be at rest!—will another moment of repose be ever enjoyed by your unfortunate daughter,

ELIZA!

Alverda to the Princesses.

1208.

MUST I undertake the melancholy task of relating the death of our beloved Alice?— Oh Heavens, shall I have the power to perform this hateful task! Years must pass ere I can recover the use of my speech, which is continually suffocated by my tears: and how shall I speak intelligibly to you of your lost and injured friend.

Alas! the pen must convey what the tongue cannot articulate: my wearied hand must oft repose itself, and my eyes be satiated with weeping. The sad story of your friend should not become tedious by repeated delays: though tedious, I fear, my letter will be in spite of me;—not indeed from its length, but because I am so incapable of painting the melancholy picture which it must present to you. I will

spare you the detail of that sad and sleepless night which I passed in tears.—But sacred be the day on which my living friends again reconcile me to the world, which the death of my Alice had taught me to hate, and wherein, however, I must continue to live! Of all my sad reflections, I am most tormented by the idea, that any one of my family should have been the cause of accelerating her death.—Console me, my friends—say something that may soften this afflicting thought, and encourage me to view that angelic soul in a better world, to which she has been so soon exalted.

Alf Von Deulmen, whom you know to be my brother, loved the Countess of Toulouse—cursed may he be who directed his choice to one whom he knew could never be his! Alf Von Deulmen possessed a daring spirit—all seemed within the reach of his wishes :—he would even have aspired to one of the renowned daughters of Philip, had their charms been equally exposed to allure him :—but his temerity excited him to attempt the possession of another, whom, had he been rightly informed, would never have been

an object of his passion.—His false friend, that Peter Von Kalatin (I cannot tell what advantage he sought in his ruin) did not acquaint him that she was the intended Queen of Castile; but, with infernal art, fanned his growing flame, and, at length seduced him from the bosom of security and peace, and involved us in a state of anxiety and perturbation.

When, however, the unfortunate Adolf learned that Alice was not destined for him, but was engaged to another by an earlier promise, it was too late to conquer a passion which was already so deeply rooted in his heart, and, on hasty strides, conducted him to the brink of ruin. His love carried him beyond the bounds of all discretion. What he felt for Alice, and what for her sake he was capable of undertaking, could not but be observed by all around him; but to her alone, who was all innocence, it remained concealed;—she was not conscious that her charms were sufficient to excite such a passion as his: her modesty permitted her not even to think of it, and she was too pious to wish it: her thoughts were too much occupied with heaven, to be seduced by worldly enticements.

It was long, therefore, before the unfortunate man attracted even her slightest notice; and at last, when she perceived his attention, she felt no more than a faint sentiment of compassion for him; but it was not the compassion of love, but of benevolence.

She did not know that I was his sister; but supposed me to be the object of his wishes; and often spoke to me in his favour. To engage my good opinion of him, she commended him in the presence of suspicious persons; and, at last, his frantic attempts in regard to her, but of which she was totally ignorant, were such as to endanger his liberty and life; when her zealous solicitations for him nourished every suspicion they had, or pretended to have of her; and my precautions were fruitless. —I must have discovered the whole affair to have opened her eyes; and how could I do that without committing an outrage on the duty of sisterly prudence and affection?

It may be asked, indeed, whether I was answerable for my conduct? I then thought it the most proper:—though now I am tortured by the remorse of conscience, and repentance points

out a thousand better paths which I might have pursued.

There were those who hated the Countess of Toulouse, and envied her the Castilian throne. —Heavens! that it could be possible to hate such an angel; that they could envy such virtue a place which she would have filled with grace and dignity! But there is nothing which malice will not attempt; always deliberating to invent cause for censure on self-subsisting perfection: —and a path was found to her destruction, by the way of that religion in which she walked.

Her adherence to the doctrines of Waldern must, it was supposed, dispossess her of the throne which her enemies envied her: they wished only for certain proofs of her religious sentiments; and the indiscretion of my brother assisted them in this object. Having once, in the name of the Count of Toulouse, very incautiously delivered to the unhappy princess several religious books,—a strict search in her cabinet was the consequence; where as many of them were found as they desired, to send to Castile with a view of exciting the most fatal prejudices against her.

King Alphonso, who had formed a far more favourable opinion of his future daughter-in-law than was felt by her intended husband, wrote an answer to the bishop of Pamiers, that he wished to examine the pious Alice himself on this subject: that she bore the stamp of truth, and that he himself was too much accustomed to honour and revere that divinity, wherever he met her, to resolve on condemning the beautiful adherent unheard.

This was too much for the bishop of Castile, who had received fresh orders from Rome to persecute and extirpate all heretics wherever he found them. In his opinion the Christian faith was in danger.—She therefore who could carry the torch of truth to distant lands ought to be put out of the way. It was therefore considered what means should be employed to render this innocent creature suspected; and if that design did not succeed, it was determined, without hesitation, to destroy her.

The frenzy of my brother afforded her enemies the means of accomplishing their wishes. They imagined, or pretended to imagine, that the Countess returned his passion; an opinion that

was well calculated to forward their secret designs. This conduct, as I before observed, was of such a nature as to furnish them with plausible proofs, at which they eagerly grasped; and I believe from that moment it was determined that she should die.

They then took me away, that they might with more certainty ensure her ruin: else why should they remove me, when they clearly perceived that I had no part in the affair: as the reason they gave for my subsequent release was, that I had opposed the designs of Alf Von Deulmen instead of advancing them; and that Alice would have escaped falling into their hands had it not been for me.—Alas! this is now the sharpest sting in my conscience.—Had he carried her off, she would have been delivered from her cruel executioners, and living under the protection of her brother the Count of Toulouse; as it was Alf Von Deulmen's intention to carry her to him;—while I never cease to lament my having, by what I thought a sacrifice to virtue, robbed her of a deliverance that was sent her from heaven.—Oh! my friends, my mind labours with the most poignant sensations when

I think of this ; yet, at the same time, I have the consolation to reflect that I acted under the influence of virtue, and according to my sense of rectitude,—and therefore cannot be criminal.

At the request of my friend, I did not quit Pamiers upon my dismissal from her, but retired to a convent, in the chapel of which Alice often exercised her devotions : this arrangement twice procured us conversations, and the opportunity to deliver me her letters. The last time I saw her there,—alas! alas! it was the day of her death!—My dear friends I must lay down my pen, I must go into the air before I can proceed ;—the remembrance of my last conversation with her sinks me to the earth.

It was holy Easter-eve—and the nuns were employed after vespers in adorning the church; when I saw the devout Alice on her knees, wrapped in a veil, by which in her last letter she told me I should know her.—We agreed that the signal for our private meeting should be the first sound of the evening bell; I arose, and when I was at some distance I saw Alice arise also. I passed by a secret door into a small ruined

cloister, and from thence to a burying ground of the nuns which was inclosed on every side. It is a large green meadow shaded by lime trees: at each stone is raised a white crucifix;—the mournful testimonials of its being a receptacle for the dead.

From time to time, I looked back and saw Alice following me: I made signs to her to hasten from that part of the wall which threatened every moment to fall, but which we could not avoid passing; and where none would have ventured to go but impatient lovers,—or such faithful friends as we were, to secure themselves from the observing eyes of their enemies. Alas! it was the last time we were to see each other!—It was the last farewell we were to take,—and which we then took at the peril of our lives!

I did not long wait for my friend, who descended the rugged steps which led from the vaulted passage, and threw herself into my arms. We sat down on the nearest tomb, which was concealed by the thick shade of trees; and having pressed Alice to my bosom, I could not but lament to her the strange paleness of her lovely and angelic countenance.

"Rather congratulate me," said she, smiling—"that which so much alarms you, announces to me approaching liberty." "Liberty!" I exclaimed:—"Alice is a royal bride, and not a prisoner! do you give yourself so odious a name from the trifling circumstance of our being obliged to see each other by stealth?"

"Alverda," she replied, "you are not sincere: no one can so well judge of my situation as yourself; why will you therefore vainly strive to represent it under flattering colours." She then whispered in my ear, as if she was afraid of some one listening, "I think, my friend, that I am in bad hands,—in short, it is my belief that I am poisoned."

"What! Alice poisoned!—oh my friend! the very thought kills me." "Do not be alarmed," said she, "I may be wrong; but attend to my story. I have for some time remarked a most extraordinary taste in my drink at breakfast, which I perhaps should not have thought of afterwards, if I had not felt the most extraordinary sensations.—A strange, insurmountable, though not unpleasing, desire to sleep, continually creeps over me, which is followed

by a general convulsive trembling; to that succeeds an intermitting heat, which terminates in strong shivering fits:—such are the symptoms which I continually experienced after I had drank.—I was at liberty to discontinue this beverage, and you may be sure I took no more of it. But having no suspicion that there was a design upon my life, I complained of its uncommon taste, and of the extraordinary sensations after I had taken it.—These, it was said, were symptoms of an approaching illness, and preventive medicines were prescribed me. I took them, and found the same nauseous taste remain on my tongue which had accompanied my morning potion. A suspicion now first arose in my mind, which was strengthened when I was informed, that my little dog, which was always accustomed to take the remains of what I eat or drank, had this morning drank all that I had left, not liking the taste myself, and was dead. I was seized with a violent tremor at the idea which possessed me on the occasion; while the person who gave the draught, turned pale and trembled. I was not compelled to take what was offered me; but I remarked the same suspicious taste in every thing

I eat or drank: in short, I have great reason to believe (without permitting myself to be mistaken in the taste of what I drank, or the symptoms which followed it) that I have swallowed enough to make me apprehend an immediate death, or, at least, a short and languishing life. You see how pale and emaciated I am become:—it is not the same blooming Alice whom you embraced a fortnight ago in this place:—and wherefore should this happen?—who has ordered it? and what crime have I committed?—Oh, Alverda! must I live in spite of those who wish my death? must I drag on a lingering life in a country where apparently nothing is so little desired as my appearance?—reflect how these cruel thoughts must oppress my heart, and wonder not that I wish for that quick relief which death alone can bring me.”

All bathed in tears, I sunk on the bosom of the Countess of Toulouse;—but she wept not.—An heavenly smile sat on her face—“My friend,” said she, pressing me to her bosom, “I feel that this day is the last in which we shall see each other:—but how charming, how full

of happy presage is our meeting in this place!—Consider yourself—that this is the eve of the festival of the resurrection:—that here, among the tombs which the spring newly adorns,—among the tombs which must one day yield up those who slumber beneath them——”

She was proceeding, but an hideous noise behind us from the cloister interrupted her.—We both started up, and stared wildly at each other. “I fear,” said she, who had first recovered from the alarm, “I fear the most disagreeable accident has happened that could have befallen us—one of the hanging arches through which we passed to come here is fallen, and has barred the passage to our return:—what shall we do? my people, who imagine me still in the church, are waiting at the door:—it is now almost dark, and what will they think when I do not return, and that they cannot find me?”

“Oh!” exclaimed I, “that you were never to return to that infernal place! that you would stay here, and by my tenderness and affectionate care again recover health and life.” “Alas! these are vain wishes,” she replied; “I must return, unless you would become a partaker of

my wretchedness.—Believe me, I know the fury of my persecutors better than you, and I will not make you a sacrifice to them.” As she spoke, she turned from me to climb the steps to the cloister, and rush through the arch, that still seemed to vibrate from the violence of the shock.—I exclaimed, that it was better to risk any thing than take such a passage ; but she did not hear me.—Her courage awakened mine, and I hastened to follow her :—we walked on, and, at each step, some new horror presented itself amidst the gloom.—Sometimes we scrambled over ruins and stones, at others, our passage was almost obstructed by the rubbish ; on one side, a vault had been opened, that offered to our eyes skeletons, dead bodies, skulls and bones, which we were obliged to pass ; on the other, was the falling wall.—We had now overcome the most dangerous part of our journey—the path became more level, the arches were firm, and we re-entered the church.

We found it filled with people bearing lighted torches, and in search of the princess. This hastened our separation ; she therefore once more embraced me ; and at the same time put

a letter into my hand, "It is to my brother," said she in a whisper, "you will know when to give it him."

Those of the greatest probity are sometimes obliged to seek means to deceive others. I concealed myself in one of the niches behind a sacred painting, while Alice stole into one of the oratories, and pretended to be asleep. Here she was found, and seemed as if just awaked. She returned with her people, who could not express their fears at her long absence, and the affliction of their alarming search after her.— "Sleep," said Alice, "which steals upon me every where, overcame me here: I thank you for having awakened me, and I desire the Prince of Castelmoro may know nothing of this."

I stood trembling, in the niche—not through fear of being discovered in the church of the nuns, but from a different emotion,—a sad presentiment that I had then seen the beloved Alice for the last time. When she arrived at the church door, she once more turned her head to look at the place where she knew I was concealed—it was her last adieu! and

comprehended all that the tender friend could say ere death should eternally separate us.

The church was now empty, and I would have quitted it, but the doors were all locked; and I was obliged to pass the night there, or to return by the cloister and yawning vault. At midnight, I heard again the rushing noise from the cloister. I went therefore and sat down on the steps of the altar, my whole soul lost in ideas of annihilation and destruction:—but Alice and her approaching fate predominated in my mind, and that so beautiful a work of God was so soon to die!—But I yet flattered myself that she was not past recovery. —I formed a thousand plans for her restoration; —and the first step I intended to take the next morning, was to unfold and describe to Father Cyril, the nun's chaplain, who was likewise a physician, the situation of the Countess; to impart to him our fears and apprehensions, and to request his assistance. He was skilful as he was pious, and I was disposed to expect every thing from his knowledge and his benevolence.

At the hour of matins, which was now arrived, I found an opportunity to slip out of the

church unobserved, and returned to my apartment; and, almost dead from the last night's adventure, and the internal struggles with which I had combated, I shrunk into my bed. Had I not been really indisposed, I could without much difficulty have feigned sickness, and obtained a visit from Father Cyril. But on ordering the nun appointed to call him to me, I was told that he was absent, having been sent for to visit some one who was ill at the Prince of Castelmoro's.—At the Prince of Castelmoro's, the intendant of Castile? returned I. It was the same, and the answer filled me with the severest apprehensions as to the object of the good man's errand there.—I then asked whether the prince was sick? No; but the Princess Alice is, who has been some time in a weak and declining state:—she came yesterday to our church, where she was surprised by sleep; and it was after an hour's search that her people found her: it is supposed therefore that she has caught cold from this extraordinary slumber.—“Is it usual for Father Cyril to visit the sick out of the convent?” said I; at the same time a most dreadful thought arose in my mind, on

recollecting the poisoned medicine the Countess had taken. "Never," it was announced, but in very extraordinary cases, such as this must be.—"In extraordinary cases!" repeated I,— "then God be merciful unto me!" The nun interpreted this ejaculation to my eager desire of seeing the physician, and endeavoured to appease me.—I paid no attention to her, but sent without intermission to know if Cyril was returned.—

At last he appeared.—In a voice that must surprise him, so ill as I was, I asked him after the Countess of Toulouse.—"She is well," replied he, with his eyes raised to heaven. "God be praised! her sleeping in the cold church then has not hurt her?"—"Do you know the Princess Alice," interrupted he, at the same time looking around to see if we were alone.—"Do I know her?—holy father, far better than you; and she is, I fear, in great need of your assistance."—"She, my daughter, no longer needs it."—"What, so soon recovered; and from so precarious a state?"—"For ever recovered; she sleeps with her God."—I immediately fell into a swoon—Cyril was unacquainted how

near and dear she was to my heart, or he would have conveyed his intelligence in other terms.—Yet how could he have mitigated the impression it made on me? That she, whom I had yesterday folded in my arms, should in so short an interval be no more!—She was weak, but her disorder was a lingering one:—could she have caught cold in the church,—I knew that to be impossible. The fear and emotions of her mind when she was with me, and the violent efforts she made to pass along the shattered cloisters, might perhaps have accelerated her death.—When I was able to speak, I told him my opinion of the monks. He shook his head. “The princess has neither died of fear, nor from cold; she died by poison.”—“Good God! and could you do nothing to recover her?”—“Recover her, she was dying when I was sent for—you may judge by what you know, that her enemies did not choose that a skilful physician should destroy their work, and only called one when it was too late.—I arrived but to see her breathe her last; and then, with other physicians who were sent for at the same time, was called upon to give testimony of her death; the cause

of which none of us could know, as we were not made acquainted with any of its symptoms."

—I saw anger glow in the holy man's eyes at the crime of which they made him an evidence. I conjured him therefore to manifest and declare aloud to the world the real cause of her death. "What can you gain from these old monks," said he, "and of what use will my accusation be? the departed innocent will not awake, and her oppressors will justify themselves; —Cyril will be pronounced a liar, and made a sacrifice to their rage:—only one word of this kind, which escaped me to the bishop's almoner, produced an answer which I shall never forget, and at once rebuked me into peace and silence."

I resigned myself to the deepest sorrow for the death of the lovely Alice. Cyril was, and still is, my faithful friend.—He knows as much of the Imperial affairs as I do, and promises me (for he is endowed with the gift of prophecy), other important informations.

The nuns of the convent where I lived sent a message to the Prince of Castelmoro, and the bishop of Castile, that they had had the preceding night a presage of the death of Alice, who

had constantly and diligently visited the tombs of the saints in their church, and maintained their right of having the remains of the unfortunate princess buried with them.—An unexpected death, predicted in so extraordinary a manner, thought the cunning Castilian, will wipe away the appearance of an untimely and violent death. He feared that a suspicion of that kind might be raised by the physicians or the afflicted attendants of the beloved Alice, and not without reason, apprehended a tumult. The body was accordingly removed with the greatest care and privacy, and with strict orders, that as long as, according to custom, she remained unburied, no one should be permitted to see the corpse.

But I would not be deprived of this melancholy satisfaction. Father Cyril, who had the charge of the funeral, procured me a sight of my inanimate Alice—a moment I shall never forget.—Alas,—that once beautiful face was now dreadfully swelled, and marked with livid spots—her angelic form was dissolving, as it were, beneath a rapid putrefaction; and she who but the day before lay in my arms, could not now be en-

dured even by me, who loved her so well. The quick progress of the poison astonished me, as it at first only produced a lingering and languishing sickness. But Cyril hinted to me, that, from the last adventure of the convent, her long absence, and some circumstances attending the not immediately finding her, caused a suspicion of her flight; it was therefore thought proper to hasten her dissolution, by administering a double portion, rather than be exposed to the risk of a discovery; as it appeared the Castilian count had not been concerned in the crime; and that in Castile, as well as at Toulouse, they would have every thing to fear.

Father Cyril said much more to me on the subject, which I am not at liberty to divulge. But I think myself bound to tell you one thing, as it concerns the royal princesses to whom I write.—Oh, Eliza! they have formed a design to give you the place of your poor friend. Examine well your heart, and take your measures accordingly. I have taken mine; as I learned from my faithful counsellor, that it was conjectured there was a suspected person in the convent, and I most willingly departed from it.

I have flown to that court where I once before found protection. I have flown to meet such friends as I have lost in my lamented Alice;—the sweetest companion, the highest example of virtue, and the firm supporter of truth.—She was the first, perhaps, among thousands who are destined to become the victims of persecuted truth; if that scheme should be accomplished, which I have been told is now brought to maturity, by the artful and hidden designs of the court of Rome.

Beatrice to Irene.

1208.

OH! my dear mother, in what affliction has the death of our dear Countess of Toulouse involved us! my sister, who is susceptible of deeper sensibility than I am, and being, also, of a more delicate frame and constitution, cannot so well support it, is unable to write to you: she has transferred that office to me, the only one which could afford me the shadow of comfort in my present distress. I well know what your grief will be at the loss of such a friend as Alice, without considering the many tragical circumstances that attended her death. I know what will be your fears on account of the marriage with Castile, which indeed are not without foundation; as yesterday the count of Castelmoro, the bishop of Castile, and the young Dominic Guzman arrived here,

and have been very busy, about what no one can positively learn, but concerning which there is no difficulty in forming plausible conjectures. They have already had two private audiences of my father; and when my sister is sufficiently recovered to quit her bed; she is summoned to a private conversation with the emperor in his cabinet. She labours under the most dreadful anxiety. She trembles at the thought of being eternally separated from her beloved Otho;—and yet, my dear mother, I know not whether Wittelsbach merits the being so fondly beloved by her, or if he deserves to have been seen with partial eyes by me.—For,—why should I deny it;—I should have been happy to have had the lot of my fortunate sister.—But these dreams are, I thank God, all vanished.—I now see more clearly respecting the count, than my partial sister.—I have lately received a letter from Kunigund, wherein were mentioned things of him which made me shudder. I have shewn it to Alverda, who tells me Eliza has also received a similar epistle, and that she has already said to her, what she now does to me, that Kunigund is not to be trusted;

that the little happiness she enjoys with Count Richard, and her well known disposition, may have caused her to envy the better fate of her sister: besides, as Alverda is informed by her faithful Cyril, she is entirely governed by the monks at Rome, to whom she yields her own opinion; and it is most probable that her letter conveys the sentiments of others, and not those of her own breast.

I am quite at a loss what opinion to form of all these strange events.—It is probable that those prejudices which have arisen against the Count Palatine, are confirmed by the mouth of the bishop of Sutri, whom my sister and myself have chosen for our director. However, it is certain that Otho Von Wittelsbach, as I am well informed, after he had received a confidential letter from the Duke Bernard of Saxony, had a private conference with the emperor. The letter of recommendation to Poland was ready, the contents of which, on the authority of the emperor's private secretary, was a treaty of marriage for the beautiful Adela. The Count himself undertook the journey, and is not yet returned.

Poor Eliza! what can yet happen to make you more unhappy?—and would you, if Otho is faithless, and that a marriage with the Castilian is proposed, accept it from a spirit of revenge?

I had a long conversation this morning with Eliza on this subject.—She remains firm in her prepossession, and laments Wittelsbach's absence, from whom she has not heard since his departure:—but to disengage herself entirely from him, she demands absolute certainty of his guilt; and when I said this was impossible, she will then, she says, remain eternally faithful to him.

Oh! my dear mother, so much at least is certain, that we, Philip's daughters, are all unhappy in our loves: Kunigund became so by her own fault; poor Eliza, by the infidelity of her lover, and other unpleasant circumstances; and poor Beatrice,—oh! my mother, let me disclose my whole heart to you.—If, from a timid nature, it has hitherto concealed its weakness from you, it now as quickly turns to expose its failings to you,—to ask maternal

indulgence, dictated by maternal affection ; and to find that consolation, which is only to be obtained in your counsels.

Accept then the confession of my inmost heart.—Count Otho I loved, or could have loved, if fate had destined him for me. The Duke of Brunswick, who was purposely reserved for me, I never loved ; and since he, as I have been told, at the last treaty of peace with my father, presumed to reject me without having seen me, I could almost say that I hate him. —But alas ! there is another who possesses my heart ; one whom I would tell you that I adored if such an expression did not humiliate me. But be that as it may, it is the truth. What name can I give to that incomprehensible partiality for one whom I am almost ashamed to name,—but which, alas, I feel for Alf Von Deulmen.

All that might and ought to alienate my heart from him fails in its effect, and only serves to confirm my passion.—His wild and restless nature, instead of terrifying me, excites my affection ; a secret connection with a certain formi-

dable power of which he is accused, raises in me a sense of his importance, instead of filling me with alarm. No ordinary qualities could attach me to him; it was rather that incomprehensible, mysterious character, which served to win me. The only circumstance which opposed my inclination, was his devout love for Alice; which, for a short time, had its effect, but exists no more since the death of my friend. I should not be ashamed to share his heart with the deceased. I should esteem it my highest happiness to administer comfort to him.—This strange sensibility is not the sole offspring of love, but is accompanied with the tenderest compassion.

Oh! my mother, how deserving of pity is the unfortunate Adolf; and to what a state of misery he is reduced by the death of his beloved Countess of Toulouse.—The account of this sad event, in spite of our endeavours, has reached his ears.—Since his arrival at the imperial court, he has resided in Count Wittelsbach's palace, and is still there; but in a situation which plainly marks that his senses are

affected by the unexpected death of the lovely Alice.—His faithful domestics endeavour to conceal the true state of his mind: but we know that he is obliged to be guarded, and to have all arms and instruments removed from his reach: while the only subject of conversation that seems to soothe him, is the death of Alice; which in his opinion, was effected to facilitate the attainment of the Castilian throne for Eliza.—To give you the names of the persons whom he suspects on the occasion, would be both folly and treason.—In his paroxysms he often calls aloud for blood and revenge.

Good God! how will these things terminate! —Oh, that I had some one near me, of whom I could ask that advice, which it is so long before I can receive from you, from the great distance that lies between us. — Count Henry of Ardocks, and the bishop Egbert, have been here some time:—they are both pious and sensible men, whom I have known from a child;—they are much esteemed by my father, and I might in common matters confide in them:—but they are brothers of the sus-

pected Count; so that in any thing which concerns him, I cannot be sufficiently explicit with them.

A few words from you, my dear mother—but a few words from your pen, would greatly assist me at a moment when so much assistance is wanting to us all.

Irene to Beatrice.

1208.

I AM too weak, my dear child, to write a long letter. The dreadful crisis which, if I am not deceived in my conjectures, will prove dangerous, draws near.—Receive, therefore, the little I can say to you and your sister. Condemn not the Count Von Wittelsbach unheard;—he is and must be guiltless. Put not so much confidence in the bishop of Sutri: it is with concern that I know he is your director:—The ecclesiastics from the Roman school are always to be suspected. Alas, my Beatrice, how was it possible that your heart should be so much attached to that Alf Von Deulmen? The man is to me, beyond expression, alarming.—I have trembled at the sight of him;—though I acknowledge that my sensations, for which I can give no very solid reasons, cannot serve as a rule for yours.—I also pity him, and pray for

him: indeed, compassion is all you ought to give him; and you are wrong in indulging so much sensibility on his account: for extreme pity in so good, so tender a heart as yours, naturally leads to a fond and tender passion.

Beatrice was and is yet destined for the Duke of Brunswick: he could not have rejected you, as he has never seen you. Providence will bring you together, and then the sentiments on both sides will change,—and you on your part will feel that sensibility for him which you now so cruelly experience for Alf Von Deulmen.

Were it not possible to remove this unhappy young man from the court? his departure is so much my wish, though I cannot well reason upon the subject, that my dreams are continually occupied about it. I last night thought I was with incredible anxiety making preparations for the journey of a certain person.—I saw him depart—I perceived him, from the tower of the castle, vanish with his equipage as far as the horizon; after which I again saw him suddenly return in disguise, and my grief was renewed.

Oh, my Beatrice! maternal anxiety for you, my beloved girl, throughout the day, caused this dream of the night. Take care, I beseech you, that your fond, deluded heart leads you not to any thing unworthy your rank or sex.—And once more, I pray you, to use all your endeavours, that Alf Von Deulmen may be sent away.—You may certainly address yourself to Henry of Ardocks and the bishop Egbert, whom you with justice so highly esteem—and propose it to them, as the properest persons to put the design in execution: his ill health may be alledged for this purpose, and the necessity of changing the air for his speedy recovery.

Do not, my sweet Eliza, despair; but rather aid the weakness of your sister.—Trust in the fidelity of your dear Wittelsbach, and may the good God support and strengthen you—Ought the Castilian marriage to give you so much uneasiness? recover your reason, and act with prudence.—It is unpardonable to be disobedient to a father; but much more so to break a solemn engagement, unless you have the means to justify yourself, if it were necessary, to the whole world.

Alf Von Deulmen to the Representative.

1208.

TWICE have I been reminded of the execution of my commission.—As I had my doubts respecting the guilt of the accused, you will pardon my appeal to a superior authority:—I thought to satisfy my ignorance by addressing myself to the Duke of Saxony.—But being convinced of that which I had for some time doubted, I consider the condemned person as a twofold murderer, and I have no other thought than to execute the commission which Otho Von Wittelsbach and myself were commanded to perform.

Oh! my lord, my understanding is often absent: my heart has suffered too much, for my head to remain undisturbed. Oh! Alice! Alice! my beloved Alice, thou innocent victim, where art thou!

*Duke Bernard of Saxony to the Count
Palatine Otto Von Wittelsbach.*

1208.

PETER Von Kalatin arrived here yesterday, and mentioned some very extraordinary transactions, the consequences of malice, or want of reflection, in the Duke Von **, my present representative at Pamiers.—It was truly unfortunate, that at such a moment sickness should have prevented me from taking the journey thither, I fear at the last meeting that many improper things have taken place;—indeed, I am certain of it.—Peter Von Kalatin is no more a favourite of mine, than of yours. There are, I confess, numberless exceptions to his character; but for once I cannot refuse to commend him. His attachment to the secret league is as firm as a rock, and his fidelity and secrecy are incorruptible. I would rather

trust him in certain affairs, than any other person whom I have the power to command.

Attend to the reason, I beseech you, why you were reminded of the oath, to make you immediately appear and answer before the throne as the chief of the Red Earth,* respecting the proceedings of the last tribunal. Kalatin cannot tell whether you were present, but is certain Alf Von Deulmen was: from him therefore you must have learned what gives us so much vexation. He will also receive a letter by this opportunity, to summon him before our tribunal. The Duke Von ** will also receive more rigorous commands.

Of the Polish affairs another time.—I must desire you to use all possible expedition, and be assured of the friendship of

BERNARD Duke of Saxony.

* The Red Earth was the secret name given to Westphalia by the learned in their private conversations, as it was the country in which the secret tribunal was first instituted.

*The Count Otbo Von Wittelsbach to the
Princess Eliza.*

AT present I am taught to believe it all. I once doubted that your father could again break his faith to me; but in vain I strive to resist the evidence before me. Pardon me, Eliza, for addressing you, as I now do.—But jealousy, grief, astonishment, and the fear of losing you, rage in my heart, and make it swell with anguish. You must now, Eliza, give me a conspicuous proof of your constancy; you must fly with me, or you will soon be snatched for ever from me. The ambassadors of Castile are arrived at your father's court; and, without consulting your inclination, he will yield you to them. They will then drag you to the throne encrimsoned with the blood of your predecessor, and which you cannot ascend without the most alarming mistrust and gloomy appre-

hension. Oh! the false and treacherous emperor!—Deceived by her who was first destined for me, and, in the treaty for the Polish Adela, betrayed by fictitious letters,—must I also lose my Eliza!

I swear by Heaven, that you are the promised wife of Wittelsbach!—allow not yourself to be deluded from me: fly rather from a perfidious father, and throw yourself into the arms of your husband.—You were bound to me by the strongest tie, and you cannot break it, without committing injustice, and incurring the guilt of perjury.—My emissary will conduct you to the place where I am waiting to receive you.—If I see him return without you, you will be answerable for the fatal consequences of my disappointment.

Answer.

1208.

ALL the censure which you level at my father recoils upon yourself;—you alone being unfaithful.—Can you, in that letter, in which you acknowledge your own infidelity, ask fidelity of me. Yes Otho, I would have followed you; my heart was, in its weakness, most fondly attached to you. Yes, I would, regardless of filial duty, have flown to the furthest extremity of the globe to be yours:—but the avowal of your own shame dissolves all bands between us, and renders that which attaches me to my father indissoluble. I am sensible, now that my eyes are open to your true character, what is my duty: but fallacious love, and a vain confidence in your fidelity, had blinded me.

Oh, Otho! could you but see the heart you

have thus swollen with distress.—No, I shall not accompany your courier, and he shall return alone, be the consequences what they may.

Otho Von Wittelsbach to the Empress Irene.

1208.

READ the inclosed letters ; a copy of one from me, with the answer to it ;—and then decide between your daughter and me.—I unfaithful? Otho Von Wittelsbach unfaithful?—I, a confessor of my own shame !—what have I said, or what have I written, that she could interpret in this manner?—To you, my kindest friend, I resign this affair. Am I destined to be a restless wanderer, and must I, at the moment that my heart is torn with a thousand combating sensations, when it suffers and struggles with rage and all the anxieties of love, submit to make another journey, when I have not recovered from the fatigue of that which is but just finished?

The Duke of Saxony desires me to go immediately to him, in a letter which I know not how to interpret, and asks it in such a manner

that I cannot dispense with a compliance. Must then all the storms at once break on me!—What can Bernard want with me at so unseasonable a moment?—does he wish to converse with me on the failure of the treaty of marriage with Poland, which I undertook solely to please him? He is so partial to the emperor, whom, were he not the husband of Irene, I should call traitor. Yet he is, he is a traitor, though united to an angel!—Instead of favouring Bernard's suit, as he had requested him, by a letter of recommendation to the Duke of Poland, he represented both him and me in the most disadvantageous colours, and clandestinely perverted what he openly promised to ask.—The Pole, more honest than he, discovered this to me, and advised me to quit the country, if I wished to avert a treacherous blow.—I flew on the wings of impatience, and on my way I was informed that the Castilian ambassadors were arrived at the Imperial court, to demand my promised Eliza to be their queen. In the first emotion of injured love and offended honour, I wrote to the beloved of my heart, and received this answer.

Oh! my friend, my mother,—shall I call you by that tender name?—be you the judge between us:—decide in my favour, or,—for I must use the same expression to you which I addressed to your daughter,—prepare yourself for the consequences.

Anthony Von Hagenau, Gentleman of the Bed-chamber, to the chief Governess of the Empress Irene.

1208.

ARM yourself, noble lady, with fortitude to attend to the dreadful event with which it has pleased Heaven to afflict us.

The Emperor is murdered.—By order of the Imperial council I send you this most unwelcome news,—in the frenzy of the moment when the crime was perpetrated, that it might not suddenly reach the ears of our good mistress the empress, and that you may be careful to communicate her misfortune in such a manner as to prevent any fatal effects.

It is the most inexplicable action that was ever committed. It happened in the presence of several persons, who were not able to prevent

it.—I should think it all a ghastly frightful dream, did not the streaming blood of Philip, which flowed in raising his body to transport it into another room, and the universal lamentations, which I hear, confirm me in the reality of this cruel catastrophe.

The reverend archbishop of Spire, who sees what I write, desires that I will not run into fruitless complaints, but dispatch my letter as soon as possible, that flying reports may not arrive before it to our most excellent empress.

Hear then, in as few words as possible, the dreadful event which happened in a shorter time than will take me to write it.—Otho Von Wittelsbach is the assassin.—The emperor, who knew that he was but a few miles out of town, wondered at his stay, and allowed him to be sent for, as he had important consultations to hold with him. He accordingly waited for him, in company with the bishops of Spire and Bamberg, in his closet; where also the Princess Eliza was summoned to appear. It was supposed that they intended to require of the Count Otho to release his affianced Eliza from

her promise, in favour of a marriage with Castile. —But I, who was always with the emperor, and overheard many of his secrets, knew to the contrary; and that the intention of our unfortunate monarch was to justify himself on account of a forged letter to the Duke of Poland, which was laid to his charge;—and to renew with additional security his engagement for the Princess Eliza, which the Castilian ambassadors, if it had been in their power, would most willingly have frustrated.

While the Emperor remained with the two bishops, I stood at the door waiting the order to open it; and hearing somebody walking hastily in the anti-chamber, I perceived from one of the side windows, the Count Palatine in full armour, with a drawn sword, and his helmet as fast locked as if he were going to fight, instead of receiving an audience from his master, to whom it was his duty to present himself uncovered.—But certain it is, that the horrid deed was intended to be perpetrated privately, as there are scarce any arms or carriage, like that the Count Wittelsbach bore, to be seen at this court, and they were well calculated to conceal him.

On my being asked who was making such a noise in the anti-chamber—I replied, with a smile on my countenance, that it was the Count Palatine, making various manœuvres with his sword, sometimes fighting against the wall, and at other times turning the point against his own breast, and muttering unintelligible words.—Open the door then, said the Emperor, and tell him it is convenient for him to enter.—Otho walked, or rather threw himself in.—It was enough to terrify any one to see his wild gestures, and the menacing flourishes of his sword. The Emperor, who expected that he would have accosted him with the usual respect, said to him, in the gentlest tone,—My dear Otho, what is the matter? do you not know in whose presence you now are?—Ha! traitor, cried the frantic man, at the same time hastily going up to the Emperor, who did not move a step, he cried, I am in the presence of a base murderer, whom the sword shall punish.

We guessed, rather than distinctly heard, these last words, which each of us understood differently, and possibly none of us heard right; for our souls were flown into our eyes.—We

saw the assassin's sword glitter—and flew towards it:—but the Emperor was fallen,—and the bloody perpetrator was escaped before any of us could reach him. The Emperor was supported in the arms of the bishop of Bamberg, and bled from a terrible wound he received in the shoulder.—You are the brother of my murderer, said the Emperor in a faltering voice,—I forgive you both, and will readily believe that you are innocent.—I was on my knees, endeavouring to stop the blood.—The bishop of Spire stood petrified, and seemed, by his looks at the bishop Egbert, to suspect him;—but I do not think he is concerned in his brother's crime; and such was his situation, that he appeared to be as near death as the wounded monarch.—Several domestics entered on hearing the noise of the fall, and at the momentary sight of the flying assassin, whom they could not stop.—They carried off the fainting Egbert, and called in the surgeons.—The Princess Elizabeth now came in—she met the murderer, who rushed by her without attempting to stop her.

The scene that succeeded is not to be described.—Represent to yourself what must be

the sufferings of a tender, affectionate daughter, at the sight of her bleeding dying father; and the outcry, that he was assassinated by her lover! The Emperor's wound was dressed, while some were occupied about the fainting princess; but the surgeon gave but little hopes.—Eliza, articulated he, before he expired, thy Wittelsbach, whom I so much favoured for thy sake, is lost to thee:—thou wilt not give thy hand to thy father's murderer.—Thou wilt now consent to be queen of Castile.

But I recollect that haste is the duty of the moment, and must conclude. God knows what I have written, amidst the general confusion that reigns around us.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



